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IN VAIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MISS A. L. MUZZEY.

Cold—cold—cold—
Cruel and cold as steel;
Hearts that have cooled in passion's mould
Have no more power to feel.

Dead—dead—dead—
And buried the old sweet trust;
Think you to call the spirit dead
Back to a heap of dust?

Lost—lost—lost—
The beautiful faith of youth;
Say, was not that a fearful cost
To pay for a sullied truth?

Sp nd no breath—
Words are in vain—in vain.
Out of the dreamless sleep of death
Love will not rise again.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

It was some days before Mr. Carmichael had sufficiently recovered to leave his room, and it would apparently be some weeks before he could leave the house. And to a man of Mr. Carmichael's temperament this close confinement was inexpressibly irksome, and also it placed him in a dependent position. Aunt Lotty was a devoted nurse; and a man less selfish than Mr. Carmichael would have been touched by her untiring zeal. But he, like all selfish men, was intent upon himself alone, and if he noticed her attention at all, it was merely when the accidental withdrawal of it made him sensible that it was essential to him. She still cherished the idea that the lost letter was preying upon his mind, though she dared not hint at such a supposition in his presence. But to Joyce she confided her opinions.

"I wish, dear, that we could hear from Mr. Chester, for Mr. Carmichael will never be himself again until that letter is either lost or found."

Little did she anticipate all that was to happen before Doris's packet would ultimately be recovered. Fate had not decreed its recovery at present, and when Mr. Chester wrote from Rome, he mentioned that, having searched everywhere for it without success, he had given up as hopeless. Whereupon Mr. Carmichael professed due regret; but Joyce, watching him carefully, had small faith in his professions. He rubbed his hands feebly, and was less irritable during the day. Aunt Lotty thought she perceived a favorable change altogether.

"He walks more steadily," said she, "and his appetite has been better; he ate a slice of fowl and drank a glass of sherry immediately after reading the letter, and he took it with a relish that he's not had for his food for a good while. He'll be all right now that it's settled. There's nothing so wearing as suspense, wondering and wondering, and worrying, and thinking, and never coming to any conclusion. He'll be all right now."

But Joyce knew better, for the doctor had called her aside a few days after Mr. Chester's departure.

"Miss Dormer," he said, "I shall be glad of a few minutes' conversation with you."

"Yes."

"My dear young lady," he went on, "I fear that Mr. Carmichael is in a very doubtful state of health."

Joyce was startled; she was not quite prepared for such an announcement.

"Do you mean," she asked, "that there is any immediate danger?"

"I won't say positive danger at present," replied Dr. Bennett; "but I have very serious apprehensions for the future. I think it not unlikely that Mr. Carmichael may never get over this illness; mind, I won't say positively—it never does to speak too decidedly on any matter; therefore I will not give a positive opinion. But any agitation may cause a relapse, and then the worst is to be feared."

"Does my aunt know this?"

"No; and from what I have seen of your aunt it is not desirable that she should know it. It would do no good, and would probably incapacitate her, and she might unwittingly produce the effect so much to be dreaded."

"Poor Aunt Lotty!"

The doctor made no answer. He had attended Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael ever since they had been married, and knew something of domestic life at Green Oake.

"I may depend upon you to send for me at once if you see the slightest change of Mr. Carmichael."

"Certainly. But, Dr. Bennett, do you fear anything immediate?" asked Joyce. "Do you think that he will—die?" she hesitated when she came to the last word, it seemed so awful, so sudden, so unexpected. "You don't think he will die. He is not an old man—surely he will not die?"

But Dr. Bennett was a doctor, and consequently would not commit himself to anything decided. He chose to be vague, and yet by his vagueness he perhaps produced the impression that he intended to produce. And not only was he a doctor, but a country doctor; and the country doctor, though of the same genus as the town doctor, is a different species, the difference lying in a great measure in the definite and indefinite article. The doctor in the town being *a* doctor, one of many—the doctor in the country being *the* doctor, complete in himself. Hence the importance, the fussiness, the diplomacy, the mysteriousness of the country doctor. The people are in his hands, there is no appeal from him; he cannot be lightly dismissed and another take his place. However, if the country doctor, despite his village acquired importance, be a kind-hearted, conscientious man, all works well; but if, on the contrary, he be one with whose temper and crotchets the parish has to make painful acquaintance, the result is anything but agreeable.

Dr. Bennett was of the former type, but still he could not wholly divest his mind of the fact that he was *the* doctor, and that there was no other within ten miles of Craythorpe. Therefore he was a little peremptory in his manner, though he covered it tolerably with a garb of suavity.

His wife was a brisk, active little woman, with a strong belief in the infallibility of her husband, whose dogmas she allowed no one but herself to contradict.

The doctor and his wife did not live in Craythorpe, but in the next parish, where Dr. Bennett's principal practice lay. The practice was on the whole more extensive than profitable, but as he and his wife had no family it was sufficient for their moderate requirements.

Joyce had never seen Mrs. Bennett, the intercourse between Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Carmichael being limited to two state morning visits in the course of the year. Thus far had their acquaintance progressed, and no farther, or rather, here it had remained stationary.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Bennett looked upon Mrs. Carmichael as one of her circle of friends, and spoke of Green Oake as though she were in constant communication with it. Not from any desire to misrepresent facts, but simply that owing to the doctor's being frequently there, she heard all that was going on, and identifying herself with him, she felt that, as the doctor's wife, she had a share of the doctor's importance and intimacy with people. She crept beneath the folds of his professional mantle, believing that it was as much hers as his, for in the country there is much simplicity of faith and primitiveness of mind and feeling.

Truly in the country does one recognise Carlyle's quaint proposition that "the Fraction of Life can be increased in value, not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator."

Mrs. Bennett and Aunt Lotty demonstrated this theorem without being aware of it; for the simple mind is unconsciously philosophic, philosophy being after all but a striving after the nearest approach to primitive happiness—the happiness felt before wants are known, the happiness felt when wants have been found to fall short of satisfying the mind, when illusions having been dispelled and difficulties and disappointments battled through, the philosopher lessens the Denominator in his Fraction of Life and sits down contented.

The simple-minded are, however, instinctively philosophers, and Mrs. Bennett and Aunt Lotty, having made their "claim to wages a Zero," had the world under their feet. Certainly they did not make their claim in the way that higher souls would make it, neither in so true and noble a sense had they the world beneath their tread. Not through self-renunciation attained to through death-throes and tears of agony, but passively, through ignorance of there being more to desire than they possessed.

Yet thus do the simple and the wise meet through different experiences at the same conclusion; for truth is ever true, and the paths leading up to it must always end in light. Nevertheless, we would give the palm to the wise, and acknowledge that greater are they who having groped in darkness, have won through bitter strife the boon of light, than they upon whom the light has been for ever shining.

But to return. Mrs. Bennett took a lively interest in Joyce and Doris, though she had only seen Doris once and Joyce not at all. But the doctor had told her so much about them that she felt as if she and they were well acquainted.

"A great blessing it must be for poor Mrs. Carmichael to have her nieces with her. A dull enough life she has had these many years," observed Mrs. Bennett; "if you had been such a formal, solemn person as Mr. Carmichael, I should have died long ago. It's a sad thing for a woman to be afraid of her husband."

"I don't know," responded the doctor, "a little due deference—"

"Due deference, indeed!" interrupted his wife. "It's undue deference, and nothing better! Is a woman never to say a word in her own defence, I should like to know? And that's what Mrs. Carmichael never does. I'm sure one feels all the better for speaking out sometimes. A little tiff now and then does no harm;—it gives one an impetus. But poor Mrs. Carmichael, I don't suppose she ever had a tiff in all her life. Well, well, some women are meek beyond meekness; but I'm not one of them."

"No, my dear," said the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye.

Mrs. Bennett looked up quickly, and then a twinkle stole into hers also, and she smiled.

"Well, if I've a little spirit sometimes it soon blows over, and no one is the worse for it. But poor Mrs. Carmichael has no spirit, and I dare say now that Mr. Carmichael is ill—he's a greater tyrant than ever."

Dr. Bennett looked grave. "He'll not tyrannise very much longer over any one, Martha."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Bennett hastily. "Is Mr. Carmichael so ill as that?"

"There will be a death in that house before many months are over," responded the doctor, oracularly.

"Poor thing—poor thing!" said Mrs. Bennett, veering round on a fresh track. "She'll miss him greatly. She's wrapped up in that husband of hers, and I believe thinks as much of him as I do of you."

"Very likely, Martha; we all see with the eyes we bring with us to see, and I'm sure it's a great mercy, or heaven knows what would become of a good many."

"Does *she* know it?"

"No; but I have hinted it to Miss Dormer."

"Ah! a good sensible girl that Miss Dormer seems to be. If it weren't too early to be thinking of such things I should say she would make Mr. Lynn a very good wife."

"Mr. Lynn!" echoed Dr. Bennett, aghast. "Why he is so depressed and in such a nervous state that if he'd not gone away for a change I should have had him on my hands as well. No, no; don't trouble yourself upon that head. Mr. Lynn will never marry again."

"I don't know that," returned Mrs. Bennett, unwilling to be shaken in her theory. "To be sure it's Miss Carmichael that's for ever backwards and forwards at Lynncourt, and the children they say are almost as fond of her as they were of their mother; but then she's engaged. I don't understand it. I should like to know about this mysterious business that has led to such an intimacy between Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael, when they've hated each other for the last seven years; though why they should have taken such an unaccountable dislike to one another at first sight I cannot imagine."

"It may not have been at first sight, Martha," suggested the doctor; "they may not have been strangers as we supposed."

"True," returned his wife; "I never thought of that. But," said she, reverting to Mr. Carmichael's illness, "it's a lonely thing for those three helpless creatures to be with a dying man. Mrs. Carmichael's as inexperienced as a child."

"I don't think Miss Dormer is helpless," said Dr. Bennett.

"Perhaps not; still I think the next time you go over to Green Oake I'll drive with you. It's out of the time for visits, but I'm sure Mrs. Carmichael wouldn't take it amiss, and her husband need never know of it; and I might be of some use to them when their day of trouble comes."

CHAPTER XL.

When the day of trouble comes! It was nearer than even Dr. Bennett anticipated. If we were so spiritually organized as to be able to open our eyes on the invisible world, we should see close beside each human being a dark figure with outstretched hand, just ready to lay upon its victim's shoulder.

Trouble is very near us in this world, though oftentimes by a wise dispensation we know not how near. Happy for us that its footfall is so light we cannot hear it until it is close upon us! Happy for us that its voice is so low and indistinct that it has not strength to breathe into our ears the secrets of to-morrow! Happy for us that until we are writhing in its iron grasp the outstretched hand is invisible.

True, with some over-sensitive natures there are occasionally dark forebodings, as though the shadow of the future had fallen upon their hearts. Men laugh at presentiments; but are men wise in doing so? Because other natures are more susceptible than their own, is it a reason for disbelief? Nay, let it rather be a matter of thankfulness that there are so few that hear the far-off flutter of the gloomy figure's wings, or else how sad the world would be. And men would walk in sombre garments, grieving hopelessly over the untried future.

Aunt Lotty, as she placidly tended Mr. Carmichael, had no apprehension of the dark presence that silently and all unseen accompanied her from room to room. The Dormer nature was too strong to allow of supernatural impressions, else she might have heard a voice saying, "Before many days are over thou shalt stand face to face with the Death-Angel." But Aunt Lotty was saved from this, and it was well, for trouble, however long warded off, comes ever too soon.

But Joyce, with keener sense, and with fears awakened by Dr. Bennett's speech, sat waiting and dreading every moment what might happen in the next. So when Aunt Lotty announced that Mr. Carmichael was much better to-day, well enough to leave his room, she experienced no throb of hope, for she felt that the words that had fallen from Dr. Bennett's lips admitted of no appeal.

Doris had gone to Lynncourt to see her little brothers, and Joyce sat wondering why she was so long away, just when she wanted her, for she felt that it would be a relief to her to have some one to speak to, some one that she need not try to command her feelings with, for she scarcely dare trust herself to talk to Aunt Lotty, who was willing enough to chat on the improved state of her husband's health. She looked at her watch. One o'clock! Surely Doris could not be away much longer, she had already been more than two hours at Lynncourt. She went to the window, but Doris was not in sight.

There was a little bustle on the staircase. It was Mr. Carmichael going down very slowly, very heavily, Empson assisting him, and Aunt Lotty following. She would go and see him when he was settled in the drawing room. She did not know how many times she might see him again. He was a doomed man, and no one in the house knew it but herself. The knowledge was growing quite painful to her; she felt as though she must tell some one. Why had Dr. Bennett made her so wretched when what was going to happen might be months off? Was she to drag through weary weeks of watching for evil? It would have been different, she argued, if she had held a different opinion of Mr. Carmichael, if she could understand his life better, if she could get rid of the undefined feeling of dislike and distrust with which she regarded him,—above all, if she could divest herself of the suspicion that he was even now guilty of some wrong deed that he feared to have discovered.

Doris, entering the little porch room, found her pale and careworn.

"What is the matter, Joyce?"

Joyce started up.

"When is Mr. Lynn coming home?" she asked, pursuing her own train of ideas, without taking any notice of Doris's question.

"Mr. Lynn! what can he have to do with your looking so wretched?"

"Nothing. Do I look wretched?"

"Miserable; as pale as a ghost! Just as I ought to look, I suppose; for if you were in my place, I should say you were fretting after Gabriel."

If Joyce had been pale before, she had color enough now, for the blood flushed up in her face till it was burning crimson.

"No, I am not," she answered, quickly.

Doris half-smiled.

"Well, you are not pale now, certainly; and ready enough, too, to free yourself from such an accusation. Poor Gabriel! No one frets after him much. Do you know, Joyce, I feel quite happy now that he is away. Quite as happy upon the whole as when he is here. Is not that strange?"

"I wish he were here," said Joyce, involuntarily.

Doris stared at her. "You are the strangest person, Joyce."

But Joyce heeded not her remark. She said, abruptly, "Do you remember saying it would be a good thing if Mr. Carmichael were to die, Doris?"

"Ah! did I? I had forgotten it," replied Doris, carelessly; "one speaks without thinking sometimes."

"Do you wish it now?" asked Joyce, in a slow, measured tone.

"Joyce!"

But Joyce repeated her question, even more deliberately than before.

"Wish it? of course I don't. I shouldn't have said it if I had taken into account the real meaning of it."

"I am glad to hear it."

Doris took a long look at her companion, whose pallid face seemed struggling to preserve a semblance of composure very much at variance with some hidden emotion that was agitating her. And as she looked, an undefined feeling of awe took possession of her, as though heart had spoken to heart, though no word had been uttered; as though Joyce's heart were in some way dimly reflected in her own; as, in the rippled water, the face below tremulously answers to the over-bending face above.

"There is something the matter, Joyce," she said; "will you tell me what it is?"

"You don't wish *that* now, Doris; you are quite sure?"

"Wish it? No, Joyce; how can you think that I ever could have wished it seriously? It would be almost murder to wish a thing so deliberately as you appear to think I wished that—"

"It would."

"You are not well, Joyce; you've never looked yourself since my foolish flight. I can't imagine what is the matter with you. If it is any satisfaction to you to hear it, Mr. Carmichael may live to the age of Methuselah for all I care, and I hope he will find happiness in it."

"I don't think there would be much happiness in that," sighed Joyce; "but he will not live, Doris. Dr. Bennett thinks he will never get over this illness."

Joyce had spoken Dr. Bennett's thoughts rather than his words; but she had done so unconsciously, her mind having been impressed by his manner rather than by anything however decided that he might have said.

"Mr. Carmichael dying!" exclaimed Doris, with a shudder.

"Hush, Doris! no one knows. Dr. Bennett would not let Aunt Lotty be told; he said it would do no good. Besides, it may not be yet. Another attack may not come on for some time. But I can't get rid of a weight that is weighing me down. I believe that Dr. Bennett knows it is nearer than he likes to say."

The two girls drew closer together.

"Poor Aunt Lotty!"

"Joyce," said Doris, "I shall send for Mr. Lynn, for my father; he ought to be here."

* * * * *

And on, and on, came the dark shadow, but Aunt Lotty did not perceive that the dusk was setting in—that the gray evening time was creeping near—the twilight deepening before the night closed in. Slowly but surely the Death-angel approached; the hours were measured out; there was no need for him to hurry on his journey, he should arrive in time; for Hugh Carmichael had yet some days to live.

Joyce, with a sickening at her heart, awaited his advent. Already she felt the chilling influence he spread around; and ever in her ears sounded the words that Hugh Carmichael had heard so often, and the response he had so many times repeated—"From sudden death, *Good Lord, deliver us!*" So many times repeated without giving it a serious thought. He had never contemplated sudden death in connection with himself. Few men do; they take it for granted that their own will be an ordinary death with due warning. Yet death was near!—he must die!—die with the burden that was heavy on his soul!—die with his evil feelings still unrepented of, his sins unforgiven. Ah! who was she that should thus map out his iniquities and judge him? Who was she that she should condemn?—and yet she could not help it, for stronger than her charity rose up conviction.

Her opinion of Mr. Carmichael was unchanged; and he was dying, and he knew it not! And if she told him the shock might be too much for him. What should she do? Backwards and forwards she paced the narrow limits of the little porch-room, trying to calm herself and decide what best was to be done.

Suddenly a bell rang; and she heard the servants moving to and fro. She opened the door and listened. Some one ascended the stairs. It was Sarah coming to tell her something that she knew already. No need for her to see the white face or hear the words—

"The master is worse, Miss."

"Yes, Sarah. Send off for Dr. Bennett."

Then she descended quietly to the drawing-room. In a moment all her agitation was calmed. Suspense was over!—the worst had come! She must act now. And she gave directions about Mr. Carmichael, and soothed Aunt Lotty, who was as helpless almost as a child.

"And he was so much better this morning," moaned Aunt Lotty; "and now he's worse than he's ever been. I'm afraid he's very ill indeed."

Mr. Carmichael was very ill, and Dr. Bennett held out but little hope. Towards midnight he rallied slightly, and soon after fell into a heavy sleep. And the Death-angel watching by Mr. Carmichael's pillow stayed his hand, for the time was not yet come.

CHAPTER XLI.

But sleep brought no refreshment to Mr. Carmichael; his slumbers, though protracted, had been fitful and uneasy, and when he awoke he dozed off again, apparently unable to shake off the lethargy that hung upon him. Patient Aunt Lotty sat in the shade of the bed-curtains, where she could watch her husband without being seen by him, for he had manifested a sudden aversion to her presence. The sight of Doris seemed also to cause him annoyance, therefore Doris did not venture into the sick-chamber. In Joyce alone he appeared to have confidence, though why this should be was surprising to her, since she had been the one to evince distrust of him, and this she knew Mr. Carmichael had more than suspected. Possibly, however, the fact that she read him better than the others might afford him some inexplicable relief, and he might even feel thankful that she had partly penetrated his secret; that secret which it was now beyond his power to reveal. For the strong man was utterly prostrate as he lay breathing heavily with half-unclosed eyes, and almost powerless limbs, and very little of consciousness about him, though now and then he made a faint effort to rouse himself, and his lips moved slightly, as though he would speak, but the words he would have uttered died away in imperfect sounds.

Once he opened his eyes wide and gazed anxiously at Joyce, his lips worked as though he were endeavoring to tell her something, which she, drawing near, stooped down to listen to; but all in vain, for in spite of the earnestness with which he strove to make himself understood, she could catch no articulate words. Aunt Lotty's tears flowed fast, and she sobbed aloud. She drew the curtain back: "What is it? oh! what is it?" said she, half pushing Joyce away, "perhaps I can understand him."

And she bent over the sick man, whose strength had gone whilst hers was left. Her awe of him had vanished: she was now his protector, his guardian, he was so helpless. But she could understand him no better than Joyce, yet with a little touch of quiet dignity that at once moved and surprised her niece, she said,—

"I think, dear, I have a right to be here."

"You have, Aunt Lotty," returned Joyce; "it is your place and yours alone."

"But you must help me, Joyce."

"Yes," replied Joyce, "no one else shall

come near." For she still believed that there was some revelation that the dying man would try to make; for that he was dying was plain to see, though the fact in all its fulness had not yet entered into Aunt Lotty's mind.

Mr. Carmichael, exhausted with his efforts, again sank into a lethargic sleep, from which at intervals he partially awoke with a gasp and stared wildly round. But he did not try to speak again. In one of these intervals, after a hopeless, imploring glance at Joyce, his eye fell upon a letter in Mr. Lynn's handwriting; his eye dwelt upon it, and then again he looked at Joyce. Suddenly an idea struck her; she wondered it had not occurred to her before. He wished to see Mr. Lynn—of course he did, the secret must be in some way connected with his sister. How far was she right, and how could she convey comfort without arousing suspicion? for Aunt Lotty was eagerly watching every change of his countenance. Then Joyce wondered whether Mr. Carmichael would hear, would understand her words. Yes, he must be capable of understanding, or wherefore the imploring look that had almost framed itself into a speech. "I think, Aunt Lotty, that Mr. Carmichael would like to know that Mr. Lynn is expected to-night," she whispered, in order to prepare Mrs. Carmichael for what she was about to say; then, turning to Mr. Carmichael, she said, slowly and distinctly—

"Doris thinks that Mr. Lynn will be at home to-night."

Her intuition had evidently been correct, for a slight expression of satisfaction passed over Mr. Carmichael's face, and he remained quiet for a long time. And Aunt Lotty, watching him, felt her heart go out towards him; felt that he was all the world to her, and that she could not bear to part with him. Strange, one would think, after the life that she had led, fraught with so little affection on his part, to draw forth such devotion. But so it was; she had drawn up her own creed respecting him, and had held tenaciously to it through everything. In her estimation Mr. Carmichael could do no wrong; the fault lay in her own inferiority, and so she had worshipped the cold, selfish man, prizing the scanty crumbs he now and then vouchsafed to throw to her; and, as he lay there helpless, Aunt Lotty longed that he could speak but one word of pardon to her for any failure of duty she might have been guilty of.

"I can't think of anything myself," mused poor Aunt Lotty; "but I dare say Mr. Carmichael would be able to tell me of numbers and numbers of things I've done wrong, if he could only speak. I was always so stupid in seeing anything myself. Ah! if he'd had a better wife." And poor Aunt Lotty in her humiliation, could have gone down on her knees and besought forgiveness for all her involuntary offences.

Dr. Bennett looked grave when he saw his patient.

"I will be in again in the evening," he said.

And Joyce, slipping after him, inquired,

"Is there hope?"

"None; he is sinking fast."

"How long can he last?"

"He may live until to-morrow morning."

Then Joyce began to calculate whether Mr. Lynn could arrive in time. With the utmost expedition, and provided the trains fitted in, he might reach Graythorpe by midnight, not before. Never had a day appeared to supernaturally long. The clock seemed to pause between every tick it made, as though the moments had suddenly become too precious to part with lightly.

Aunt Lotty stole softly to the fire-place where Joyce was standing.

"Joyce, dear, what does Dr. Bennett say?"

"We can do nothing but watch," returned Joyce, partially evading the question.

But Aunt Lotty was not satisfied: with a little sob, she said,

"Joyce, dear, you would not deceive me at such a time as this. Is there no hope?" And she gazed wistfully into Joyce's face, as though Joyce were the arbiter of life and death; her whole figure was trembling, and her hand convulsively clasped one of Joyce's. "The truth, dear," she pleaded; "I'll try to bear it."

"Aunt Lotty, dear Aunt Lotty," answered Joyce, throwing her arms around her, "we can do nothing but watch."

Very quietly Aunt Lotty disengaged herself from Joyce's embrace; very quietly she returned to the bedside, and seating herself there, tenderly took one of Mr. Carmichael's hands, and held it as though by so doing she could still keep him with her. Joyce could see that she never took her eyes from him as he lay breathing uneasily and moaning feebly from time to time. Mr. Carmichael was dying! And there was something on his mind, something that he wished to get rid of before he died; and yet, was he aware that he was dying? Does a man always know when death comes so near? Is there always a prophetic voice that sounds the warning in the dullest ears? If so, he might perhaps have heard it, and the awful voice have urged upon him, "Unburden thy soul; repent before it is too late." Vainly it urged, for he would never speak again.

Dr. Bennett came in the evening, but he could do no good; so he went down-stairs and sat with Doris, who was quite banished from the sick-room, as a nervous horror seemed to creep over Mr. Carmichael whenever he saw her. And yet she was his sister's child. Aunt Lotty could not understand it.

But an inkling of the truth was dawning upon Joyce, yet how would it be ever known? He was growing feebler, and midnight was approaching. Whether would Mr. Lynn arrive in time or not?

She listened and listened. The rain was falling steadily with a heavy drip—plash! plash!—so monotonously that it was torture to her to hear it. She seemed to feel each drop burst and split into fragments that were driving into her brain.

At length she fancied she heard the distant rumbling of a carriage, but whether coming towards Green Oake or going away from it she could not tell. Now it came nearer and nearer, and then it died away. She was listening so intently that she could scarce tell whether the sounds were real or imaginary. It was quite painful. She put her hands over her ears for a moment to shut them out; then she listened again. No; there was nothing. Yes; there had been a stoppage; she could hear the sound of wheels distinctly. Doris had heard it too, for the dining-room door opened, and then the hall-door. Doris was looking out. Mr. Lynn had come. Yes; Mr. Lynn had set off the moment he received Doris's letter, and had travelled without stopping. He was just in time. Mr. Carmichael languidly opened his eyes.

"Mr. Lynn has come," said Joyce, stepping to the bedside, not knowing whether he would understand or not.

But Mr. Carmichael did understand, and it seemed as if a momentary vigor were imparted to him. He half raised himself. Aunt Lotty was astonished, and thought that after all he must be stronger than the doctor thought. But Joyce knew differently. Mr. Carmichael was still in his half-raised position when Mr. Lynn knocked at the door. Joyce opened it.

Mr. Carmichael's eyes dilated as he looked upon his ancient foe, so lately brought into friendly contact with him. Did old memories flash into his mind, as people say they do into the minds of dying men, carrying him back through long, long years upon the rapid wings of thought?

Mr. Lynn took the feeble hand of the dying man in his, and the dying man looked up at him. Then came the terrible struggle for words, the shrinking horror, when he found he could not utter them, and the heavy perspiration stood on his brow. Aunt Lotty turned away her face.

"Aunt Lotty," whispered Joyce, "won't you go down for a few minutes whilst Mr. Lynn is here?"

Aunt Lotty shook her head.

"But it will do you good. You won't be able to hold out," and Joyce gently drew her away.

She gave her into Doris's keeping, and then returned to Mr. Carmichael. When she entered the room she found Mr. Lynn still standing where she had left him, gazing in mute compassion on the sick man, who was hopelessly endeavoring to make himself understood.

During the last few hours Joyce had been pondering deeply, and as she caught the beseeching glance of Mr. Carmichael fixed upon her, her resolution was made, and, as if by inspiration, she took the part of interpreter. Bending down she said, in a calm, distinct tone,—

"You would ask Mr. Lynn's forgiveness?"

A sudden gleam lighted for a moment the dull eyes of the dying man. Mr. Lynn would have spoken, but Joyce motioned him to be silent, and again she spoke. Clear and solemn sounded her voice; so solemn that she was almost awed by it herself, but some irresistible impulse carried her on.

"There is some trouble on your mind"—some revelation you would wish to make, were it in your power. It is not for me to know what this secret is, but I believe it to be in some way connected with the packet that Doris had from her mother."

Mr. Lynn started, and Mr. Carmichael's dull eyes still gleamed with a strange, wild intelligence; and Joyce continued:

"You have in some way injured Mr. Lynn, and you would ask forgiveness at his hands for that unknown injury, which now will never be revealed until the secrets of all hearts are made known. Mr. Lynn," she continued, "will you give full and free forgiveness to Mr. Carmichael for any wrong he may have committed against you?" and the dying man's eyes still shone with the strange hopeless light.

Mr. Lynn hesitated for a moment. The past, with all its wrongs, rose up before him. What new injury could this man have added under the garb of friendship? Joyce saw the hesitation and understood it, and involuntarily the words escaped from her lips—"As we forgive those that trespass against us."

Mr. Lynn was not conscious that she had spoken; the words fell dreamily upon his ears, as though some distant voice were whispering them; and his mind wandered far back to the time when he, a little motherless child, had said his prayers at Mrs Carmichael's knee, and the mother of the dying man had been a mother unto him.

Then the dark shadow passed from his face, and he gently took Mr. Carmichael's powerless hand within his own.

"Hugh Carmichael," he said, "I forgive you for all known and unknown injuries as freely as I hope to obtain forgiveness of my own. May God forgive me as I forgive you."

The gleam of light in the dull eyes shot forth once more, once more the lips essayed to move, but in vain. The head sank back on the pillow; one gasp, one choking sob, and Hugh Carmichael had breathed his last. He was dead, and his secret had died with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Internal Revenue.

An interesting pamphlet, embodying some curious facts in reference to the Internal Revenue, has just been published, from which we learn that out of the whole population of the United States only 450,000 persons paid a tax upon incomes—in other words, that out of the thirty-five millions of our people, less than half a million have incomes of more than $600 a year. The great mass of the people, therefore, pay taxes only indirectly, through the duties of the Imposts imposed on the articles they consume. Mr. Atkinson, in the same essay, says that one of the largest railroads in the country has adopted the principle of paying to its common laborers the price of a barrel of flour per week, finding this to be a more just and satisfactory mode of measuring the value of labor than the price of paper money, as it is assumed that the price of the necessaries of life are more likely to follow the price of flour than the fluctuations of the currency. We are inclined to believe, however, that if the truth were told, there are more than 450,000 persons who *ought* to pay income tax.

A FORTUNE AWAITING AN OWNER.—The Scottish American Journal says:

Some time ago, in our Scottish news, we announced the death of Sir Hew Crawford Pollock, and stated that his son, the heir, had gone away of his own accord, and could not be heard of by his relatives. Mr. Crawford (now Sir Hugh) sailed from Liverpool for New York by the Inman line of steamers in the fall of 1865, and it is supposed that he is now travelling *incognito* in the United States. Without any apparent reason he has kept his whereabouts secret from his family and friends, and if this paragraph should meet his eye it is to be hoped that it will stimulate him to look after his interests. He is heir to Pollock Castle and £5,000 a year.

☞ "Ex-President Buchanan is seventy-six, and can walk a mile and a-half before breakfast." The Post knows a man who is not seventy-six, who can walk a mile and a-half after breakfast.

☞ The Detroit Tribune says Mr. Seward probably regards the icebergs of Russian America as the natural *chevaux de frese* of the United States.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced in THE POST of May 4th a new novelet, called

LORD ULSWATER,

which our readers will find to be a novelet of great power and interest.

Our other novelet,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY,

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "JOYCE DORMER'S STORY," and a few complete series to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novelet of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

TAXATION.

Our politicians generally do not seem to be aware that the country is becoming restive under the heavy load of taxation that has been put upon it, and that it will soon demand that all expenditures,—national, state, and municipal,—shall be brought down to the very lowest figures.

Just think of it—in this city, besides our state and national taxes, we have to raise or borrow about eleven millions of dollars a year, while in New York the city government is spending the enormous amount of twenty millions!

Six millions of our Philadelphia indebtedness is raised from real estate, over three millions we derive from the rents of city property and from other sources, and the rest we borrow. Our tax rate is four per cent. on the assessed value of our property.

The assessed value heretofore of city property, has been only one-third or one-fourth of its real value—but the present assessment is being made up to the very topmost level of the present high prices. The ostensible plea for this new valuation is that properties heretofore have been unequally rated; the real object probably is to increase our taxes. As four per cent. seems to be about as high a rate as any community could reasonably be expected to bear, the only way our political managers could devise to get more money out of our citizens, was to increase the valuations.

But is there no limit to the patient endurance of the community—will they allow taxes to be heaped upon them by a set of corrupt politicians until they are more heavily burdened than the people of France and England? If they do, we advise them to get a new seal and coat of arms for the city—let it be a donkey tottering under two heavy loads of opposing politicians, and let the appropriate legend be, "Issachar is a strong ass, crouching down between two burdens."

We now raise about $6,400,000 by taxation, and this with an income of $3,200,000 from other sources, makes $9,600,000. Of this sum, $6,000,000 is ample for the regular expenses of the city—and the balance should go to the payment of interest, and to the sinking fund, in order that our enormous debt (ten millions we believe greater than that of New York city, and larger than that of the whole state of Pennsylvania!) should be annually reduced.

Is not $6,000,000 more than enough? St. Louis—not a very economical city—spends only $1,700,000. St. Louis contains one-third as many people as Philadelphia. If she can get along on $1,700,000, we ought to be able to do as well with $5,100,000.

Our politicians seem to be unhappy that they are not able to raise as much money here, in proportion to population, as a kindred set of gentlemen do in New York. But if our citizens do not soon waken up, we shall speedily rival New York in this respect. As soon as the assessments are increased, everything will be in an admirable train for such a consummation.

But some may ask, bound as they feel themselves to be in the withes of the party Philistines, what can we do? You can do this—refuse to vote for any candidate for the city council's who will not pledge himself to oppose an increase in the amount of the city expenditures and of taxes. Let them say, there is your o'oth, cut your coat to suit it; there is your $6,000,000, spend it as you choose, squander it, steal it, give it away, as you please—but you must take no more than that. The sum is ample—if you will employ it economically and honestly. If you think it is not sufficient, and that you cannot carry on the city government with that amount, stand aside, and give place to men who think they can.

It would be well to consider, whether now is not a suitable time to dispose of all the superfluous real estate and railroad stock belonging to the city. Now is a good time to sell—probably there will be not a better for twenty years. The state did well by a similar sale. Let the city imitate its example, reduce its enormous debt, and put that much money out of the way of being "lost or stolen." We know there will be considerable opposition to such a proposal—from those interested in various ways—but if it should be found to be expedient, and we do not see how it can be found otherwise, let it be done, and as soon as possible.

They have a Citizens' Association in New York, composed of men of all parties, which has no political object, save to insure as far as it can an honest and economical administration of city affairs. We need something of the kind in Philadelphia—for we are treading rapidly in the footsteps of New York. Why, our city debt, as we have said, is larger than that of New York; and it is being increased every year. It is not because we do not raise enough money—it is because the money we do raise is not honestly and economically expended.

As a specimen of city management look at the Gas Trust. See its quarterly charges, and its miserable supply of light! This last Winter the charges were about double for the same number of burners. How it was done, we do not know—probably by the manufacture of an inferior quality of gas, which required double the flow to produce the same amount of light. We do not know how it was done, but our citizens know well that it was done.

We are being eaten up with taxation—City, State and Federal. No sooner is one tax bill paid than another has to be met. We tell the politicians that it may be fun for them, but it is death to the people. It is imperatively necessary that all our expenditures, of city, state and nation, should be brought down to the very lowest possible figure. And, in order that this may be done, let every candidate for office be questioned in writing upon this point, in order that his fellow citizens may know whether he considers the needful economy possible or impossible.

CROQUET.

We advise our friends, in purchasing croquet sets this year, to have them warranted. It would seem that the manufacturers are getting very careless, and using indifferent wood. The balls and mallets either are too soft and dent easily, or the handles break. The best balls and mallets probably are made of box, and the best handles of hickory. We have known two sets purchased this year of different persons, one at twelve and the other fifteen dollars, and in one set the mallets and balls were too soft, and in the other the handles too brittle. The only safety in purchasing would seem to be to insist upon a warranty.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The City Ticket Office of the Pennsylvania Railroad has been removed from No. 631 Chestnut Street to the north-west corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets. Local tickets to important stations, and a most complete stock of through tickets, will be found at this Office, to all the principal cities and towns in Pennsylvania, New York, and the entire West, North-West, and South-West, comprising over 2,000 different tickets and routes.

The stock of Southern tickets is unusually large, and embraces 55 routes to New Orleans, 21 routes to Mobile, 28 routes to Memphis, and from 20 to 50 routes to all the other principal cities and towns in the Southern states.

Sleeping car berths secured, and all desired information furnished. *The Union Transfer Company* receives orders at this Office, and will check baggage from residences through to destination.

☞ We republished the fine poem, "Whom First We Love," recently, because as it had the name of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe attached to it, we supposed she had claimed to be the author. We now learn that such is not the case. One authority says this poem is to be found in Bulwer's works.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OLD SUNSHINE. By MARY DWINELL CHELLIS, author of "Charley Wheeler's Reward." This is one of the Sunday-School Series of Juvenile Religious Works. Published by Henry Hoyt, Boston; and also for sale by the Protestant Episcopal Book Society, 1224 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE GOLDEN HEART. By MRS J. MCNAIR WRIGHT. Published by Henry Hoyt, Boston; and also for sale by the Protestant Episcopal Book Society, 1224 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

NEIGHBORS' WIVES. By J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "Father Brighthopes," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE LEWIS AND HIS LASS. Published by Henry Hoyt, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE RECTOR'S WIFE; OR, THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES. By the author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," "Queen of the County," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES IN ART. A Lecture Reprinted from McMillan's Magazine, by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE. By MISS DICKENS. Published by T. B Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, for June. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. A very excellent and useful periodical. Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for April. THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for June. "BLACKWOOD," for April. "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," for June.

THE LAWS OF LIFE for June, in addition to instructive articles from its able editors, has very interesting communications from many contributors. Published by F. W. Hurd & Co., Danville, N. Y.

☞ A recent writer has remarked that, "Human civilization appears in a great measure to have been dependent on the presence or absence of animals capable of domestication;" and that "If we examine the facilities enjoyed by the civilized natives of Europe, Africa, and Asia, as compared with those of America and Australia, we shall find that the former have had (alone) three great co-operatives in their social progress, the horse, the ass, the camel, the ox, sheep, and goat."

☞ THE SUPPLY OF THE LAKES.—In the West there is a popular theory that the great lakes are supplied with water by subterranean streams. At the last meeting of the Chicago Academy of Science, a scientific gentleman of Milwaukee said this theory was unnecessary to account for the supply of water, as the whole quantity of rain falling into the great lakes and the country drained by them is two or three times as much as is discharged at Niagara, and the wonder is rather to discover what becomes of the excess than to account for a deficiency of supply.

☞ Mr. John Hannah, who has been for thirty-one years keeper of the Rock Lighthouse, at the entrance to the Mersey, and must, therefore, have had many opportunities for judging, says that the body of a drowned woman always rises with the face upward, and floats on the back. The body of a man rises with the back upward, and floats with the face downward. It is supposed to be owing either to the superior modesty of men, or the consciousness they are not so good-looking.

☞ Most business men are familiar with the printed indorsement on the envelopes of a majority of business letters now-a-day: "If not called for within ten days the Postmaster will send this letter back" to the writer, etc. A Schenectady man has got up a new improvement. It runs thus: "If Mr. Blank don't pay the bill in this dunning letter within ten days, the Postmaster may open this and send us the money himself."

☞ LEISURE.—In order to be enjoyed, it is absolutely necessary it should be preceded by occupation.

Praying for Rain.

The following comical description is from the new novel of "Litany Merval," recently published in England:

It was so warm during the "Litany" that the rector once thought of sending a message to Mr. Barlow, to repeat the prayer for rain. The grain crops would suffer, and the grass lands wanted a little freshening for the aftermath, or fog, as it is called in the north. The rectory hangbs were almost burnt up. But he had never forgotten an experiment on that subject some years ago, under similar circumstances. While he was reading the prayer for rain an old farmer, a Castle tenant, who lived high up in the vale and had lost his hay crop of the preceding year, suddenly shouted out from his pew, "Nay, nay, parson! nae mair watter yet! next Sunday 'll be time enough; nae mair watter!" The rector stopped, requesting the farmer to attend him in the vestry after service, and then finished the prayer.

The farmer walked boldly into the vestry after the service, and the rector, in his full robes, asked him what objections he had to the prayer being read. The farmer, nothing daunted, replied that his best meadow was in cock and the two other fields had only just been cut, and it didn't suit him to pray for rain to spoil his hay; how was he to keep his stock through the winter, or to pay his rent? there were only some half dozen beside the rector who wanted rain, and it was shameful for parsons to pray for themselves, and have no regard for the poor; that he was only a small farmer, but he had a large family to keep; that his farm was always wet—and he finished by slapping one of the church wardens on the back, declaring that no man should pray for rain in that church as long as he lived—not Elijah himself.

The rector was much disconcerted by this attack, and had no reply at hand. But he managed to lose his temper, and calling his temporal power to his aid, as a justice of peace, he fined the indignant farmer a pound sterling, to be paid on the spot, under what statute did not appear. The farmer, in reply, shook his fist so close to the rector's nose, that the church-warden interposed, and, with some struggling, at last got him out of the church,—protesting as he did to the very church door, that he didn't care for their prayer, that in spite of praying, there would be no rain as long as the wind was in the east, and that his crops should rot on the land for the next year's crop, sooner than pay one farthing of the fine. Of course the rector, with the fear of Mr. John Johnson before his eyes, was glad to let the matter drop, and, since that event, has taken care to pray no more either for fair weather or foul.

☞ The Union League Club of New York resolved, in relation to Horace Greeley's going bail for Jefferson Davis, that it was not a matter of which the Club was called upon to take cognizance. They also resolved that Davis should not have been admitted to bail. The Club, in its action towards Mr. Greeley, has thus properly rebuked that narrow partisan spirit which is always trying to interfere, in all parties and sects, with the individual freedom and independence of their members. With all the talk about liberty in this country, the liberty of individual thought, speech and action, unfettered by either enemies or friends, is not as well understood as it is in England. Liberty, in the view of large numbers of our citizens, is the liberty to force other men, by public opinion and by law, to think, speak, and act as the majority think right and proper.

☞ A Paris correspondent writes: "People come out by the hundred thousands—all the liquor shops of Paris are open; there is no Maine law; the supply of liquors is unlimited, and not one person is seen drunk."

☞ At Mumford, N. Y., a few days ago, two men, while fishing for trout on private grounds, were attacked by the proprietor, who shot and killed one of them, and severely injured the other by clubbing him with the butt of his musket.

☞ The Paris Siecle publishes Rev. John S. C. Abbott's astounding panegyric on Louis Napoleon, and suggests that its reverend author be straightway put in the American department of the Exposition and labelled "the learned ass."

☞ The New York papers report that it is the custom on the emigrant vessels that call to and from that port to compel the steerage passengers to take air and exercise on deck, by beating a shovel and then placing cayenne pepper on it, the fumes causing a general rush on deck from the confined quarters below.

☞ Madame Ristori's $200,000 profits from her trip through America are not without parallel. It is stated that Mad'lle Patti, from 230 representations in Paris, has just cleared no less than $512,900, in gold, an average of $2,230 from each performance. Thus the mere imitative faculty required for acting, and the secondrate faculty of vocalism, are tenfold better paid than the highest original literary genius. Even a dancer is paid better than a poet, an orator or a statesman.

☞ England is getting rid of her "wooden walls" at a tremendous sacrifice.

☞ Gerard Hallock, for many years editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, a wealthy and benevolent man, once said: "From my boyhood I have observed that every man grew covetous in proportion as he grew rich, if he did not keep giving."

☞ All will be sorry to hear that the Prince Imperial is no better; in fact, by all that we can gather, there is some radical weakness in the child. This is a very serious matter to the Napoleon dynasty.—*Paris Letter.*

☞ Rosa Bonheur denies the report that she has gone mad, and fancies herself a goat!

☞ All revolutions in Hayti are comparatively bloodless. When Soulouque was driven away by Geffrard, a *sauve qui peut* fight occured near St. Marc, which lasted nearly a week, and in which seven men and one horse were killed.

☞ In the depot is a placard announcing "No smoking," pasted over an oil lamp. Two Irishmen appear, one smoking. "Pat," says the other, "ye're transgressin' the rhules of the establishment, ye are." "How's that?" says the smoker. "Don't you see there—no smoking?" "Yis; but can't ye see, ye spalpeen, the remark is addressed to the lamp?"

☞ A Maine paper tells of a good kind of a man, who, when asked for a subscription to buy a chandelier for the church, replied—' What's the use of that? After you get it you can't get anybody to play on it."

☞ From the Atlantic seaboard to Sacramento, by the railroad route, is 3,130 miles, of which 1,887 have been completed and are now in successful operation, leaving but 1,243 miles yet to be built. It is confidently asserted that the gap will be filled up within two years.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GOSHO.

GEOGRAPHICAL IGNORANCE—VALLEY OF CUZVENCA—TWIN RIVERS—A MOUND CITY—HOUSE OF UNIVERSE—ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCH—MORE BONES—MORE EVIDENCE—PREHISTORIC.

Inquire at Callao, Lima, or Arequipa, of a thousand intelligent citizens, for the town of Cervera, and it is almost a certainty that from nine hundred and ninety-five at least you will have the reply:—"*Ye nao sabe Senor.*" They have never heard of such a town. And yet Cervera is one of the most beautiful, and perhaps the most singularly situated towns in the Republic. Spanish Americans of the far south are famous for knowing next to nothing of their country three leagues beyond the circle within which they were born. Test area is wide enough for their world. There are many exceptions of course to this general geographical ignorance. But such is the rule among all classes.

Directly north of Mount Cunquibamba, the coast range of mountains divides into two separate chains, running nearly parallel to each other in a direction N. W. and S. E., forming between them a narrow, fertile valley from three to fifteen miles in width, the range of mountains and valley terminating together just to the southward of the Chincha islands, where a breadth of some ten leagues of level land at the coast rises by a gentle slope eastward, the belt gradually widening inland, and extending entirely across the country to Bolivia, about the territory of the Moxos Indians.

Three leagues within this Andean valley towards its northwest terminus, and about equidistant from Ayacucho, Guamanga, Guancavelica, Pisco and Ica, which stand around it in a semi-circle, is the quiet, quaint, and curious valley of Cervera—very ancient in its origin, and exceedingly Indian in all its characteristics.

Though Lake Reyes, situated a little more than a hundred miles northeast from Lima, has the credit of being the source of the Amazon, in reality it is only the source of one of the minor branches of the great River Ucayale, which unites with the Tiegurague on the confines of Equador, more than a thousand miles away to the northwest form the great Brazilian river. A beautiful stream, rising just north of Mount Cunquibamba a hundred miles nearer the Pacific than Lake Reyes, and flowing northwestwardly through the valley of Cuivenca to its terminus, and then sweeping away to the eastward, falling into the Ucayale some five leagues to the southward of Guamanga, is probably better entitled to be called the source of the Amazon; instead of which it is denied even an existence on the modern atlas.

At the distance of about two leagues in the valley above Cervera, the Silvas divides into two equal streams of no great breadth or volume, diverging at first gradually for a mile, and then run parallel to each other in an air line about five hundred yards asunder, flowing with a gentle current, with an average and very uniform depth of about two feet, over level beds of very beautiful variegated pebbles. The banks, having rather an abrupt slope, and about twelve feet in height, are as uniform as the depth of water; and the distance between them, and also between the two branches, is maintained with as much exactness as though the two streams were artificial water courses, constructed by clever engineering and consummate mechanical skill. All along the course of the two streams the banks are grown up with belts of bananas, plantains, orange, lime, peach, olive, and a variety of wild plum trees, several of them affording delicious fruit, while the valley generally is a continuous meadow of a better quality of grass than we had found elsewhere in the country, interspersed with groves and miniature forests of cocoanut and tall waving palm trees, mingled with fruit and nut-bearing trees and flowering shrubs common to the tropics.

Having continued their direct course for the distance of about seven miles, the two branches bend to the eastward, and then sweep round in a circle almost as exact as can be drawn on paper, all the while maintaining their relative distances, depth of water, and uniformity of banks, coming around to within three hundred yards of where they begin to sweep off to the eastward, when they bend abruptly to the northward, and about two miles further on unite again in a single stream.

The circular space so nearly enclosed has an area of some three-quarters of a mile diameter, rising regularly on all sides in a smooth surfaced cone, the centre of which is perhaps a hundred and fifty feet above the surface of the surrounding streams. The circular belt between the two channels rises also from the banks on each side more abruptly than the central cone, to an altitude of a hundred feet; but instead of presenting a uniform surface, all along its apex there are tumuli, or circular mounds, varying in their distance from each other from fifty to two hundred yards, with bases from twenty to seventy-five feet, and in height varying from ten to thirty. All these cones are grown over with low bushes, grass, and innumerable varieties of vines and pretty plants everlastingly in bloom.

On all sides of the great central cone, from base to apex, is built the village of *Cervera*—a quaint, curious town, as has already been observed, and very Indian in its features, as are the inhabitants in their customs and characteristics; though in reality no more Indians than they are Spaniards, and only that by necessity they speak an intelligible Spanish *patois*, they are no more Spaniards than they are Netherlanders. It is true they are descended from the two races, but forgetting the traditions and idolatrous ceremonies of their Inca ancestors, and despising the creeds, customs, and characteristics of their Caucasian forefathers, they have by time and seclusion become a better race of modern Peruvians.

The founders of Cervera probably took the spiral shell of the great land snail as a model for their town, as there is but a single narrow street in the whole village, and that a continuous spiral one running round and round the cone from left to right, and going gradually up like the thread of a screw, from base to apex. The habitations are no more than huts; but unusually neat, and for the climate, comfortable ones—all alike, built of woven bamboo like fancy baskets, one-storied, two-roomed, roofed with palm leaves, or cocoanut bark, floored with split bamboo, with handsomely woven mats for doors, and window screens. There are straight passages, or alleys about four feet wide, running up and down the hill, dividing the spiral street into sections of about two hundred feet at the base of the hill, but running much closer together at the top. These direct routes permit pedestrians to go up and down by short cuts, and are convenient for bringing up wood, water and all outside supplies; but when we entered the town on horseback, our destination being the summit of the hill, we rode thirteen times around it before coming to our journey's end.

It seems nothing less than a miracle that a town built up so compactly of such tinder-like material should have to escaped destructive conflagrations, as every family uses fire for cooking, and instead of exercising any apparent precaution, we thought them more careless than any people we had ever seen. And yet we were assured that no conflagration had ever occurred. Indeed there could not have been, without sweeping out of existence every vestige of the town.

Though living mainly in their queer, conical town, the Cerverans are all pastorial and agricultural people, having their flocks and herds in the valley, and cultivating considerable tracts of corn, rice, millet and some coffee, as well as very fine vegetables of almost all kinds. In carrying on their farming, gardening and stock rearing operations, they divide families, which in almost all instances are numerous, consisting of two and three generations, and from fifteen to thirty members to each household, one portion living in tents woven of grass, or made of raw hides, in the country, while the other half live in town, spinning, weaving, manufacturing such wares as their needs demand, and bringing in from the camps their supplies of provisions. Thus they divide themselves and their labors, relieving each other four times a year, so that all are three months citizens and manufacturers, and in their turn farmers, gardeners and stock growers—another feature of South American Civilization that was entirely new to us.

By some sort of a charter or perpetual grant obtained in the early days of the Peruvian viceroyalty, and twice confirmed by modern legislation, the Cerverans hold twenty leagues in length and all the breadth of the valley by paying to the government an insignificant tax in kind, which for the past fifty years has never been collected, leaving them masters of the situation, only nominally Peruvian citizens, literally their own masters, free and independent. Of politics they neither know nor care anything, and as little about the fashions and follies, arts and requirements of civilized society, though, like the Incas in general, they are themselves by far the most civil and hospitable people it was our fortune to meet with in Peru.

On the summit of the main mound on which the city is built, stands a fine old *adobe* church, long in disuse, but always maintained in admirable order and repair by the people, not one of whom ever heard a sermon or Christian prayer, or knelt in religious worship in their lives. More than a hundred and fifty years ago, a good man, Padre Benleto, Bishop of Lima, thinking it a great wickedness, and a scandal to the Church to permit these valley barbarians to live in heathen ignorance and "die as the brute doth," caused the fine church that caps the mound to be erected, decorated it with paintings, endowed it with all the gew-gaw glitter of gold and imposing paraphernalia peculiar to the churches of those times and countries, thinking by the gorgeous display to attract the savages to the sacred shrine, and compel their conversion to the Christian faith.

It was all a mistake of the good bishop. The pomp, magnificence, and golden glitter was all dazzling and very superb; but the simple, civilized savages "couldn't see it," or else seeing through and beyond it, they discovered the trap it concealed, intended to make them slaves of the state and vassals of the Church—and after the zealous labors of pious priests for a score of years, without converting, as we were informed, a single heathen, the mission was abandoned, and the Cerverans arguing that so beautiful and well-appointed a structure ought not to be permitted to go to wreck, had taken great pains to preserve it in perfect repair. They had never been visited by such a party as ours before, and having no *posadas*, no public buildings, and no private accommodations without turning half a dozen families out doors, they did the very thing which pleased us best—conducted us to the grand structure, which a hundred and fifty years ago had been dedicated to San Jose, but which in modern times caps their conical city as an imposing, useless castle.

Having received a warm welcome and being placed in possession of our "*Hotel* de Universe," Kate christened it, our friends bade us in meaning, though in other words, to take no heed as to what we should eat or drink, for they would supply us with all we required. They did, and five times more—only the drinking, beyond the water, which was pure, cool, and good, was most abominable; it being a sour, fermented whey, in which the narcotic plant *tola* was boiled, coloring the odious fluid a bright verdigris green. The Cerverans are immoderately fond of this nasty narcotic swill, and in their simplicity supposing we must be, brought us at least forty gallons of the stuff with our first rations. The other liquid was the common beverage of all that portion of Peru, manufactured from green corn and cane syrup, distilled together. The drinking of a gill of this Iean *Chenique* is fairly equivalent to swallowing an equal quantity of aquafortis, qualified with spirits of turpentine.

Our food supplies were unexceptionable. Fine, fat pigs, pullets, lambs, fresh eggs, whole hampers of them—superior, crisp vegetables, fresh beef, fish, and fruits in variety and profusion; rice, rich milk, and very fair corn-meal, beaten in mortars, the maize being first partially roasted like coffee. All these stores were supplied in a raw state, but we preferred them in that condition, as there was an ample supply of fuel, and being provided with first class cooks and all needful kitchen utensils, we could have our meals prepared to our liking and at such hours as suited us.

There were several acres about our hotel surrounded by a high wall, and well stocked with a great variety of excellent fruit, and besides, there were spacious out-buildings, affording ample stabling for our animals; and one of our earliest discussions, after becoming comfortably established, was the propriety of remaining in our new quarters until the arrival of the Esmeralda at Ica. As, however, there was more than a hundred miles between us and the coast, and much intervening territory very interesting to be explored, the proposition was overruled by a small majority. Next came up the novelty of our new establishment. It was oddly amusing—a Bohemian party made up of so many nationalities, making our hotel headquarters and boarding ourselves in a Christian church, its first occupants during a hundred and fifty years.

We had heard so much of the beautiful fruitful valley and singular town, with its still more singular surroundings, that curiosity to look upon them alone would have induced a visit. But a more powerful incentive was an opportunity to dig into and learn something of the character and construction of the ancient mounds standing sentinels along the crest of the circular parapet.

Our first attention was given to a topographical examination of the valley in the neighborhood of the town, one of our earliest discoveries being a shallow ravine, running in nearly a right line from where the stream divides, some eight miles above the village, to where it unites again below it; and as it will be borne in mind that no rain ever falls in this region, and consequently there are never any floods of the streams to wash the surface and fill up channels, the ravine bore all along its length what we pronounced unmistakable evidence that several thousands of years ago perhaps it must have been the natural channel of the Silvas, and from their singular curvature, exact parallelism, and uniformity of banks and depth of channels, the fact was quite as clearly established in our judgment, that the two streams flowing so regularly around the village ran in artificial courses. Then of course came the supposition that the circular ridge between the two streams, and the tumuli planted along its crest, were also the work of human hands.

This latter opinion we soon made a certainty by opening more than a dozen of the mounds of all sizes, from the smallest to the largest, finding in every instance within them, immense numbers of bones and many entire skeletons of human beings, terrestrial and marine animals, birds, and fishes; and in every mound there were detached bones and a few entire skeletons of serpents, some of which living must have been much larger than any of the boas now in existence. There were skeletons of a marine bird in structure precisely like the modern pelican, but many times larger, and a few of sea animals very like the present sea-lion of the Pacific coast; but otherwise the bones were all of extinct species of mammals as well as birds, fishes, and serpents.

There was a great deal of fine charcoal in all the mounds opened, and many pieces of red pottery, with some entire specimens, all entirely unlike those in use among the native Peruvians, or exhumed from what is known to be Peruvian tumuli of the ruins of the ancient sun temples of the Incas. The human skeletons were facsimiles of those found in "*el Casa de Oso*," near Alhambra, being of small stature, indicating a diminutive and effeminate race.

Having completed our investigations and argued the case, summing up with all the evidence at command, our unanimous conclusion was that these pigmy mortals, monstrous serpents, and queer animals, must have peopled the land and sea of those regions many ages before the establishment of the great Peruvian Empire under the Incas, and that the great plain running eastward from the Chinchas and Ica, was once an immense estuary of the Pacific, cutting far into the continent, its south-western shore terminating the valley of Cuivenca, permitting sea-lions, pelicans, and marine monsters to visit these primitive people at their very doors.

But what an army of ants they must have been to have constructed these water courses, that immense circular parapet and its crowning tumuli, and how like bees they must have swarmed for ages to have so filled all those elevated earthen sepulchres with their skeleton remains. Peru is everywhere pregnant with unread history as interesting as any of the East, and as old, probably, as the world itself.

NOT PARTED.

They are not parted, though their feet
Have wandered far in different ways;
And though they never more may meet
On Winter eves or Summer days.
It matters not though realms divide,
Though boundless seas between them roll;
For still, defying wind and tide,
Heart yearns to heart, and soul to soul.

They are not parted—only those
Are parted whom no love unites;
Their absence breaks not our repose
Who have no share in our delights;
They may be by our side, and still
As far from us as pole from pole,
Who lack the sympathetic thrill
Of heart to heart, and soul to soul.

Deafness vs. Blindness.

One of the many advantages of hearing over sight, as a guardian sense, arises from the fact that in the material world warnings of danger come mainly through the ear. This is, first, because during half the time darkness prevails over the world, and then the sentinel at the eye is off guard; but the one at the ear listens during all the waking hours; and, even when the body sleeps, is still half awake; for the ear shuts no lid, and the eye does. And second, because the eye receives no warning unless the rays of light strikes nearly from the front, and therefore more than half the circle round us is unguarded. But the ear gathers in sounds not only from all around, but from above and below. Unless the rattlesnake be in the direct path, the eye sees him not, but the ear catches the first note of warning, come it from where it may. The thinnest substance stops light; but sound traverses thick walls. Besides, sight is more voluntary—hearing more involuntary; almost automatic indeed. Sights are shut out easily; sounds with difficulty. You can be blind at will; you cannot shut out all sound, even by stopping the ears.—*Dr. Howe.*

☞ A young lady in Kentucky, now 24, has for the past twelve years slept almost constantly, awaking regularly twice in every twenty-four hours, to receive nourishment, and then falling into a deep sleep again. When awake she converses and takes her food readily, suffers no bodily pain, seems to be in perfect health, and her disposition to sleep defies all medical skill.

☞ In a row at Waterbury, Conn., on Tuesday, a man named Carey had his skull crushed and his arm broken by one of his tenants named Breen. The wife of Carey, while the blood of her husband was yet warm upon the ground, soaked a cloth in it, and smeared it over the head of a newly-born infant in the arms of Mrs. Breen, so that "the blood of her murdered husband might be upon the head of the murderer's child to the fourth generation."

☞ In the programme of his lecture on Kanakadom, "Mark Twain" says that "some little pathos will be infused into this lecture, and persons who are overcome by it may go out for a few minutes."

A Curious Community.

Four miles from Oneida, Madison Co., N. Y., a class calling themselves Christian Perfectionists twenty years ago organized a community. The leader was J. H. Noyes. Others have held similar views. These are the originators. A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune recently visited the community. It numbers about two hundred and fifty; twenty-five are under fourteen years of age. Property and persons are held in common. No one of himself owns any thing. They commenced poor, now they are rich. The location is one of the most beautiful in the land. It embraces six hundred acres in the choice Oneida Valley. The grounds are finely laid out. The principal residence is brick, three stories high. Besides the central mansion there are five large buildings. One is used for a general dining-hall, and others for canning fruit and various industries. They have invented much valuable machinery. All eat in one large hall, at many tables. They provide neither tea nor coffee, and seldom meat. Vegetables, fruits, milk, butter, cheese, cakes, puddings and pies are abundant. They have a fine library and take the newspapers. Their religious faith is peculiar. They claim to be the successors of the Apostles, to whom was promised the speedy second advent of Christ. They say that Christ did reappear after the destruction of Jerusalem, when there was a judgment in the spiritual world, and the final kingdom in the Heavens began. They believe that they are in direct communication with Christ and the Resurrection Church in the angelic world. These things they say in a literal, not in a figurative sense. The marriage relation in this community is wholly unknown. Instead there is a complex marriage. Each man is the husband of every woman who likes him. Husband and wife have no meaning. There are no wedding ceremonies, for there are no weddings. Nor are young persons mated. A young man must mate with a woman older and more experienced than he; a young woman with a man older and more experienced than she. Love attachments for individuals are contrary to their principles. Only twenty-four children have been born in ten years. The women wear Bloomers and short hair, and enjoy equal privileges with the men. All work ten hours a day. The leader, Mr. Hamilton, said they would re-establish marriage, should it be thought expedient, though their views would be unchanged.

☞ A company that insures female beauty against accident from the age of fifteen to thirty is the latest thing in the insurance line. That company undertakes fearful responsibilities.

☞ A negro in Dawson, Ga., stole a pair of boots and returned them the same day, saying his conscience wouldn't let him keep them. They were both for one foot and two sizes too small.

☞ The latest invention reported from New England, so prolific in inventions, is an "automaton hay-pitcher" for loading hay upon the cart in the field, the movement of the cart-wheels furnishing the motive power.

☞ Geranium leaves, it is stated, are excellent for cuts or bruises, where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied to the part, and the wound will be cicatrized in a short time.

☞ SALMON FISHING.—The excitement of salmon fishing may be judged from the feelings of the Scot mentioned by Mr. Francis, a recent English piscatorial writer. The fisherman, while playing a magnificent game salmon, was apprised that his wife, in the cottage hard by, was dying. "Ah, mon, ye diana say so. Rin back and tell her to hing on till I've killed the fush."

☞ An exquisite divine put the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony, when he concluded by saying, "I now pronounce you husband and lady."

☞ The state of ignorance in Italy is represented as deplorable. Out of a population of twenty-three millions, it is said that seventeen millions are unable to read or write.

☞ Mobile is evidently becoming sensible on the subject of duelling. The editor of the Mobile Times recently sent a challenge to the editor of the Register, John Forsyth, but the latter took no notice of it.

☞ "Ha," said a five-year-old young lady to her mother the other day, "do they make men the same as they do stockings?" "How absurd you are, Jane—of course not." "Then what made you say this morning, ma, that Major Spanker was a remarkably *well knit man?*"

☞ An actress of rather angular proportions recently received a love-letter commencing, "My dearest angle;" but as the letter went on, it did not prove a satire upon the lady, only that her admirer was slightly imperfect in his orthography.

☞ A Wisconsin lady has a beard two inches long, and her husband has not a hair upon his face. It has all grown since the agitation for female suffrage, and is supposed to be a consequence thereof.

☞ The suit of Alexander Dumas against the photographer who represented him with Adah Isaacs Menken sitting on his knees, has been decided in favor of the photographer. Dumas was condemned to pay the costs.

☞ A very pious deacon down in Machias accuses the church of bringing "a reproach upon itself which it could not wipe out for many years," because some of its members attended a series of gymnastic exercises upon the plan of Dr. Dio. Lewis. That man's too pure for this cold climate.

☞ The bust of Count Bismarck is an object of great interest at the Paris Exposition. The features are thus described:—"The forehead is fine, but two great wrinkles, which signify brutal obstinacy, are knitted into its middle, the lips are sneering and cold, and the nose is—oh, so pugnacious."

☞ The London Lancet makes another charge against the ladies' chignons. It says they contain the seeds of ringworm, an intractable malady.

☞ The ex-Emperor Soloupe is living in elegant style at Curacoa. He is reported to have a large fortune in the Bank of England. Soloupe is very unpopular with those of his own color, and he does not associate with them. His son-in-law bears the refreshing title of "Duke of Lemonade."

☞ Some sensible chap says truly, that a person who tries to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow and undertake to wheel himself.

☞ John Minor Botts has published a letter giving his reasons for becoming surety for Jefferson Davis, and asking "if he shall never see the day when he can exercise an independent judgment or a sound discretion without being called to account and asked for explanations by his friends?"

A LETTER NEVER SENT.

I.

These longing eyes may never more behold
Thee,
These yearning arms may never more enfold
Thee,
To my sad heart I never more may press Thee,
But day and night I never cease to bless Thee.

II.

I do not envy those who may be near Thee,
Who have that joy supreme—who see Thee,
hear Thee;
I bless them also, knowing they, too, love Thee,
And that they prize no earthly thing above
Thee.

III.

I do not even hope again to meet Thee,
I never dare to think how I should greet Thee,
Low in the dust should I fall down before Thee,
And kneeling there, for pardon should implore
Thee.

IV.

Alas! 'twould be a sin to kneel before Thee!
A sin to let Thee know I still adore Thee!
I kneel and pray that Heaven may bless and
guide Thee:
Love of my life! to Heaven's care I confide
Thee!

—*Blackwood.*

CRUELTY TO SCHOOL CHILDREN.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican reports that a meeting of citizens has been held there to decide upon the proper action to be taken "to suppress unmerciful cruelty, wanton barbarity and other heinous crimes in the schools of that city." The immediate cause of indignation is the alleged cruel whipping of a pupil by a teacher for a frivolous offence, and the expulsion of a boy whose father had detained him from school to go to a circus.

☞ Every husband should copy into his memorandum-book this sentence, from a recently published work: "Women must be constituted very differently from men. A word said, a line written, and we are happy; omitted, our hearts ache as if for a great misfortune. Men cannot feel it, or guess at it; if they did, the most careless of them would be slow to wound us so."

☞ A novel mode of painting was recently suggested by an ingenious individual of Lee, Massachusetts, as a means of painting one of the tall church spires there. He proposed "that the paint be mixed in one of the tanks, and the fire engines be got out to squirt it up."

☞ At Nassau, New Providence, one Sunday, recently, a portion of a Baptist congregation were suddenly immersed in the baptistery. The joist and brick-work flooring of the front steps gave way, precipitating those above into the tank.

☞ The Boston Journal says a gentleman in a suburban town buried his sixth wife last week. Shortly after the funeral he met the minister who officiated and offered him a three-dollar greenback. The minister declined to take it, saying he was not accustomed to accept pay for such service. The gentleman coolly replied, "Just as you say; but that's what I've been in the habit of paying."

☞ China never had either a slave or a feudal system or a pauper peasantry. And yet she is—China.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the REMEDY guarantees to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken internally according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for BRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar1-eowtf

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT will effect a cure in cases of Gout and Rheumatism after all other remedies have failed. Be not deceived, ye who suffer with these racking pains—this salve is your only hope. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th of May, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. GEORGE T. DONALDSON to Miss AMANDA CLARK, both of this city.

On the 18th of May, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. REUBEN GODFREY to Miss RUTH A. SIEPHENSON, both of Cape May, N. J.

On the 19th of May, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JOHN BOEN to Miss GEORGIANA, daughter of Mr. John W. Doyle, both of Frankford.

On the 5th of March, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JAMES M. HUNGERFORD to Miss LIZZIE P. ALLEN, both of this city.

On the 21st of April, 1867, by the Rev. J. O. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM H. WALDON to Miss KATE SMITH, both of this city.

On the 16th of May, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JOHN I. MCCANDLESS to Miss SALLIE J ISAACS, daughter of HENRY ISAACS, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th of May, JAMES CRISSY, in his 66th year.

On the 21st of May, ALICE F. EVERMAN, in her 23d year.

On the 19th of May, WILLIAM L. MADDOCK, in his 64th year.

On the 21st of May, Mrs. MARTHA D. K. KERNS, aged 32 years.

On the 20th of May, PETER FREDERICKS, in his 70th year.

On the 16th of May, HANNAH ANN, relict of the late John Conway.

On the 18th of May, Mr. CORNELIUS SUYDAM, in his 63d year.

On the 17th of May, MATTHEW SIMPLE, M. D., aged 56 years.

On the 17th of May, Mrs MARGARET, wife of the late Robt. Clinton, aged 77 years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who mean the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and *one* engraving,	4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies		$4.00
4 "		6.00
5 "	(and one to getter-up of club)	8.00
8 "	" " "	12.00
14 "	" " "	20.00
20 "	" " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office *order* on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

A ROMP.

That night, when little Fan I sought
To help me with my song,
Her touch seemed light, and who'd have thought
Her wrists were half so strong?

When first I saw her sunny smile,
Her teeth of pearly white,
I thought of tender words the while,
Nor dreamed that she could bite.

Around her waist I often prayed
My truant arms might steal.
I cannot hold her, I'm afraid:
She's lissom as an eel.

I loved her presence months ago,
But now from Fan I flinch:
She's very pretty still, you know;
But O! how she can pinch!

The Squire's Indigestion.

Old Squire H. was a very successful and substantial farmer in an interior town of Massachusetts, and a more amazing eater never lived in any town anywhere. And especially much did he eat when fresh pork was to be his nourishment. Well, at a certain time one of his hogs had been killed. The next morning there was fresh pork for breakfast, and the old man ate most wondrously. In the course of the forenoon he ate his luncheon, consisting of bread and butter, mince-pie and cheese. At noon his dinner consisted of fresh pork, pickles, mince-pie, and the usual accompaniments. His afternoon luncheon was like that of the forenoon. When he came home to supper his favorite dish had not been prepared as part of that meal. The old man fretted and scolded till fresh pork was added to the substantials. He ate voraciously, as usual. In the evening he toasted some cheese, buttered and ate it. Just before going to bed he roasted a couple of apples and ate them. In the night he was taken with a severe colic. The doctor was with him till morning, and nearly wrought a miracle in saving the old man's life. The next day Bolles W., one of his neighbors, went in to condole with the "Old Squire."

"Faithful Bolles," said the old worthy, "I like to have died last night. I'll never eat another roast apple as long as I live. I never did love them very well, and last night I ate only two, and they nearly killed me."

Bolles never told this story without laughing.

WORK.

Down and up, and up and down,
Over, and over, and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall,
For Nature she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,
Turn out the golden millet;
Work and your house shall be duly fed;
Work, and rest shall be won:
I hold that a man had better be dead
Than alive when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill top, low in the valley,
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and lily;
Work with a plan, or without a plan,
And your ends they shall be shaped true,
Work, and learn at first hand like a man
The best way to *know* what is to *do!*

Down and up till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
Work, the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall,
For Nature she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

ZIG'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST: Since you and I have been acquainted, you have manifested toward me a uniform kindness which leaves me nothing to complain o', and much for which to be grateful. You have been my friend. And I have not many friends. If I died to-night, it is not probable that there would remain, in the life of any human being, a void which none other could ever fill. You see I am not vain. But among my very few cherished friends, I hope I may venture to count some of the many readers of the Post. It pleases me to do so. For I have not many friends you know.

You have expressed a kindly interest in me, now and then; sometimes praising, other times scolding, as the case might be. Both are welcome. For they show that you do not forget me. Suppose now, that I were to tell you my own real story, honest and for sure? Would it seem impertinent, I wonder? I hope not. I believe not. If it should, though, pass me by in unread silence; punish me with the contempt of oblivion. I shall not complain. I have learnt the trick of complaining at nothing in this life, except being compared to Fanny Fern.

You would not suppose it, perhaps; I don't know whether you would or not, but I have had some weary trouble in my life. Sickness, disappointment, and sorrows such as fall to the lot of all, more or less, but surely more to some and less to others. There never was a down without an up, grandmother used to say. But some people are so happy as to have all the ups. May be their children will have downs enough to make it even, and Providence will strike an average that way. At any rate there are those who seem fated to be kept down in the world. It is *kismet*, they cannot help it. Do not understand me as complaining because my life has been mostly downs. Perhaps I deserved it. Then too, our hopes turn their faces to the future, when we are disappointed in the present, and may be the golden cornucopia of coming years will shower into my lap the jewels which have been denied me in the past. Let us hope.

A few years ago I landed in a strange city, whose name I won't tell you. If any of you know a western city whose sidewalks recall the nursery rhyme of "three pair of stairs"—that western city is the city. I said "landed," but that was my figurative way of saying that I stepped out of a smoky car into a dingy depot. I had ten cents in my pocket. Upon my honor that was all the money I had in the world, and my best boots let in water at the sides. I did not know a single soul in all that city. If you ask me what brought me there, I answer: The cars. If you ask how I came to be there without any money but a miserable dime, and with ragged boots besides—how it happened to me to be a lonely female woman wandering about without protection—to your last two questions I answer: Spunk. That is an all-suffising answer. A word which hath a profound, a wide-reaching significance. It may not be altogether "proper" for a young lady to be wandering in the streets of a strange city, without home, friends, money, or food—but if you feel in your bones that your own independent efforts will shortly obtain them all for you, there is an indescribable fascination in it. Courage, good health, a determined will, can shove aside every difficulty under the sun. Having these, let an adverse wind set you down in the middle of Africa, without a parasol, and you will be able to make your own living, and make it respectably and well. Without them, you may have all the helps which friends and fortune can give you, and you will never amount to a row of pins. You will never know the charm whereof I speak. For there is a wonderful charm in directing your own movements, and earning your own money. Verily a charm in *spending* it, too. Indeed there is.

Long before the momentum afforded by the impelling power of Spunk had subsided, I found some work in that city where the sidewalks are three pairs of stairs. By-and-by I found some good friends. How I found one of them, and what came of it, is the story you will read, if you have patience to go on.

It was during that war which is already so rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Terrible as it was, all the bloodshed and the agony will soon be only a memory. So quickly do we take on and off phases in ever-changing America. Among the curious psychological phenomena arising out of that season of warfare was the so-called "correspondency" business. It is a thing to be remarked upon and studied. Somebody ought to print a book made up of "Wanted—Correspondence" letters. A mania possessed the whole country. Ladies and gentlemen, married and unmarried, young men, maidens, and babies, advertised and answered advertisements, for "fun, love, or matrimony." I do not know whether they ever detected the hidden satire of this particular expression or not. Old maidens, bachelors, and widowers, all the world, rushed pell-mell into the business, and exercised the author's privilege of telling lies on paper to an extent for which it is hoped they will be forgiven. All but me. It was one of my hobbies to be down on the correspondence business. I shall always have my hobbies, please Heaven. And at that time it was my hobby to look upon "Wanted—Correspondence" as improper in the extreme. It may be remarked that I have changed my mind since then. I often do. But at that time I regarded writing to an anonymous person, whether man, woman, beast, or devil, you didn't know and couldn't find out, as about on a level with sending twenty-five cents to obtain the photograph of your future husband. I never advertised. And I only answered an advertisement for the purpose of showing my entire and utter disapproval of anybody who would advertise. Alas for mortal frailty! I blush to record it, but I myself became deeply entangled in that self same "Correspondence." I was strong-minded enough not to advertise, but woman like, I could not resist the human weakness of reading the advertisements. I did it when nobody was looking, to be sure, but my regard for truth impels me to confess that I did read 'em. So one morning what should my condemning eyes behold but this:

"Wanted.—A young man desires a situation as son-in-law in some respectable family. Would not object to go a mile or two into the country. Address Jack Blank, ——."

It was outrageous, thought I. How could a respectable newspaper print such stuff? I resolved, incipient scribbler even then, to answer it. Only for the purpose, please understand, of telling Jack Blank what a demoralized wretch I considered him, and easing my mind. So like Peter Piper, I took my pipes and played:

"Jack Blank: In my opinion you should have written yourself Jack Bray.

"Respectfully, Zig."

To which came answer next day:

"My dear Z'g: By your penmanship, I judge that you are a man—by your spitefulness, a woman. Allow me to say that I am delighted with your opinion. Would like some more of it.

"Truly yours, J. B."

Then I emptied the vials of my wrath. With an unspeakable satisfaction I abused Jack Blank as follows:

"J. B: You shall have it. By no means misunderstand me that there is in my father's family any position for you of the kind alluded to in your advertisement. If you really wanted a place as son-in-law, and were worth having, desirable situations would every day be open to you. But you are not worth having, and don't want to be anybody's son-in-law besides. I know you. You flatter yourself that you are a sarcastic society man. You flatter yourself that you can read human nature. Consequently you sneer at women as simpletons, and you want to see how many fools will be caught in your trap. Your game is to make game of womankind. Your amusement is truly elevating. I wish you joy of it.

"At the same time permit me to remark that the most contemptible purpose to which the columns of a newspaper can be devoted is the inserting of such advertisements as yours. (I thought that sentence was a stunner.) My impression of all who advertise for "Correspondents" is that they are too disagreeable to have any friends who know them, and therefore they try to palm themselves off upon people who do not know them. I dare say my impression is correct. Zig."

I did not expect to receive an answer, though to own up, on the sly, I hoped that I should, for there is not a more fascinating pastime in the civilized world than writing to an individual whom you don't know. Try it and see. And I had deliberately walked into the charmed circle of that fascination. In short, I had caught the correspondence fever, in its acute form. Two or three days elapsed, and I began to feel a really painful suspense. It's awfully silly to work yourself up over nothing, isn't it? I know it, but if J. B. hadn't written again, it is very possible that I should have been fool enough to send him another letter, taking back every word I had said, and begging his pardon very humbly indeed. I might have done it, I say. I don't deny that I'm sometimes a fool. But J. B. wrote again, at the end of four days. And here is what he wrote:

"Madam—I am not a sarcastic society man. If I ever had any of the pitiful vanity of which you accuse me, I was cured of it long since. A discharged private soldier, sick and friendless, a stranger in a strange city, with heart aching for the sight of one face which will recall the memory of home, is hardly the man to have an overweening confidence in himself, hardly the man to be deluded very far into self flattery of any kind. And if ever I have thought that women were simpletons, if ever, for a single moment in my life, I have amused myself by making game of womankind, then, may God forgive me and punish me.

"I am sick and lonely. I have not a single acquaintance in this whole city, and I do not wish to be anybody's son-in-law. It is true that I advertised, but not from the motive you ascribe to me. I acknowledge it was foolish; it was senseless. Also it is very weak minded to be lonely. It is contemptible for a man and a soldier to feel sick at heart because he is sick in body and disappointed, and because all who care for him are a thousand miles away, and he cannot go to them. And he is sunk beneath contempt if he will insert a silly advertisement in a morning paper, just to make him forget, for one hour, the heart sickness which is settling over him. I dare say he is.

"I had a hope that, by sifting the trash which should come floating to me in answer to that advertisement, I might find one human being in all this city, whether man or woman I cared not, who would take enough of a make-believe interest in me to write me a friendly, cheerful letter now and then, and thus, if only in seeming, to bring my friends a little nearer to me. Apparently my hope has been vain. Very well. I submit. But I hope that it may never be your fate to be discouraged and in trouble, among strangers. If you were the dearest friend I had on earth, I could hope nothing better than that for you. THOMAS SINKER."

That was all. I went and looked out of the window. There was a pair of scissors, bright and sharp, lying on the table, and near them a lace collar, a filmy, shadowy cobweb. I took the bright, sharp scissors and cut the lace collar all up into little snips and feathery fringes, and watched them float out of the window, down upon the grass-plot below. It was my best lace collar.

Then I had a talk with myself. As a general thing, my talks with myself are not satisfactory. This morning I said:

"Z'g! you miserable fool, what have you been at again? Will you never learn to mind your own biz? Hasn't your mother always been telling you, from the time you were born, to keep your fingers out of other people's pie?" Haven't you burnt your ten digits twenty times for not minding her? *Will* you ever mind your own business?" (Note.—I'm afraid not.)

The next minute, the ruling passion being strong in death, I seized my pen and wrote:

"Maybe you are fooling. I don't know; for men are mostly gay deceivers, and the longer one is acquainted with them, the less one feels like trusting them. But if you are deceiving me in your last letter, then I would rather be myself than you, rather be the fooled than the fooler.

"I have known both heart-sickness and loneliness, and I am not at all strong-minded. If my letters can amuse you in the least; if I can be in any way either useful or ornamental to you, pray consider me at your service."

That was how it happened. And after that, for a year, until I left the western city where the sidewalks are like three pairs of stairs, no letters which came to me, from east, west, north or south, were welcome as those in the large, white envelopes, with their clear, sharp-cut, well-shaded capitals, from the hand of the unknown Tom Singer. They were then, they are still, the brightest, wittiest, gentlest and handsomest letters I ever received in my life. I scribbled to the top of my bent, for once. We talked about everything and nothing, books, soldiers, back curls, the Fenian Fair and the Blarney Stone. While my mortal life lasts, I shall thank Tom Singer for those letters. It came to be that the check for my monthly wages was not waited for more eagerly than were they. Looking back from the distance of to-day upon the night which afterward enshrouded that western city for me, and which will hardly ever be day any more, as far as a few months may linger one's whole life, I see one little white-shining cloud, which will always be white-shining, one little joy for which I never paid the price of bitterness, and that one joy, that white cloud of memory, is my "correspondence" with Tom Singer. But in that whole year I never saw him. I have often noticed that the more you don't know of men, the greater heroes they are to you, and I never exactly could make up my mind to tear apart the veil of mystery which threw over this Tom Singer a perfect spell of enchantment. And to do him justice and tell the truth, he seemed no more anxious than I for a nearer acquaintance. I had never even told him my real name, the main reason being, I am bound to admit, because he never seemed to care about knowing it.

At last I was coming back home here to Ohio. I told my unknown correspondent, and invited him to come to Ohio to see me, promising that when he was ready to do so, I would give him my real name. To my surprise, he replied immediately, with thanks, that he would take me at my word before long, as he was going to Buckeyedom shortly. So I packed my trunk, kissed Mrs. Dobbins, shook hands with Mr. Dobbins, and my fist surreptitiously at four-year-old Dobbins, and as, with ringing bell, the train glided slowly out under the stars that night, carrying me away from the western city, the person who occupied the last and least place in my thought was certainly not Tom Singer. We came to Cincinnati, the train and I, where my Uncle Jerry was to meet me at the S—— House, and come up the river with me. You see it was all arranged just right. I always try to have matters just that plain and square, so there can be no mistake. I went to the S—— House, registered my name "Mary Emerson, Western City." (Mary Emerson isn't my name at all, you know, and that wasn't the name I registered, but we'll play that it is my name for a while.) I locked my door, washed my cinder-besmutched face, and settled myself down for a comfortable snooze. No sooner done than there came at my door that music familiar to the ear of every traveller who ever settled down for a comfortable snooze at a hotel, the demoniacal whack! whack! whack! of the impish bell-boy. A hotel bell-boy is one of Satan's own.

Uncle Jerry is a jewel, said I to myself, rubbing my eyes. Uncle Jerry is a regular rose diamond, but he's a little bit *too* punctual. So I went down to the parlor, expecting to dutifully embrace my Uncle Jerry. He was sitting with his back to me, as I entered, looking intently at the opposite picture of an angel with a crooked neck and a very frizzly head. I slid up behind him slyly, and by way of an affectionate greeting, gave him a smart pinch on the arm; he gave a minute screech, turned about, and—*it wasn't Uncle Jerry!* I gave one despairing jump upward toward the ceiling, and consequently almost at the same instant came down upon the floor again.

"Are you my Uncle *Jerry*?" says I, when I found breath.

"I hope not," answered the young man.

I pray that all the saints may forgive me, but I have to record that I then and there made a face at that young man. If their saintships would but remember the provocation I had to do it!

He was a Yankee-looking young man, dressed in a drooping black moustache and a gray business suit, not bad looking either. On the contrary, quite the opposite, and that fact helped me wonderfully to regain my temper and my manners.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but somebody sent for me, and I thought it was Uncle Jerry."

"I was expecting to see my cousin, Miss Emerson," said the young man, apologetically.

"But my name is Emerson."

"But you are not my cousin."

"I am sorry," answered I, hardly noticing what I said.

The Yankee-looking young man smiled. Then he said—

"I beg your pardon," bowed and went his way.

In half-an-hour my dear Uncle Jerry came, and the "Magnolia" brought us up the river without any mishap. Our folks were very glad to see me, the sweet apple blossoms were in bloom, and the spring air wafted the young hawthorn fragrance over the hills. It was very pleasant. The next day after coming home I received a note from my unknown, the veritable Tom, who, being in Cincinnati on business, he said, would, if I permitted, and would tell him where to find me, do himself the pleasure of coming to see me without further introduction.

He came.

Sometimes people the most nervous by nature, through the help of a strong will, and patient and long continued effort, acquire almost an iron self-control. They can remain, to all appearance, impassive as marble,—through scenes which completely upset a more phlegmatic temperament. But only themselves know what it costs to preserve this calmness of body, while inside their hearts are beating so hard that they suffer a real, physical pain. The nervous system cannot but be injured by being cramped so tight I think, and that is one reason why school teachers wear out their lives so soon. From necessity they learn this suppression of expression in a wonderful degree.

It is much the case with myself. From long habit suppression of all outward signs of emotion has become second nature. I have been trained to repression. So when the man who had been the hero of my imagination for a year sent up his card, I was able to meet him with perfect calmness, though my finger ends were quite cold, icy almost. The piano and a gigantic gray something appeared to be waltzing with each other in a ridiculous sort of manner for about a second, and then my eyes steadied themselves, and I saw my hero distinctly. You will probably be not half so much surprised as I was to find him a Yankee-looking young man wearing a drooping black moustache and a gray business suit. In short, to find him the identical young man I had pinched at the S—— House. For a minute I stood in utter helpless stupidity, staring at him like a cow at a new gate. Then, because I did not know what else to do, I laughed. I may add that Tom Singer laughed also, for he recognized me at a glance. On account of my turn-up nose I think. So the ice was broken, and we fell to talking very easily and naturally after that. He had suspected, he said, ever since I had told him my name, putting this and that together, how it would be, and had amused himself several days by thinking of my amazement when I should discover in him the stranger to whom I had given so affectionate a *mark* of my regard. He had come to Cincinnati on the same train as myself, had expected to meet his cousin, Mary Emerson, from the East, at the S—— House, had seen the name registered and met me instead.

"Wasn't it funny?" said I.

"Very," said he.

I have not a word except of unmitigated praise to say of Tom Singer. I found him a loyal, loyal gentleman, tender-hearted and child-hearted to his friends, and true as steel throughout. From that day to this we have been the best of friends. We shall be till the end of our lives.

The time of sweet hawthorn and apple blossoms has come and gone twice since I met my unknown correspondent. If you will look out of the window you will see a handsome, stately gentleman coming up the walk, with his hands full of hawthorn buds and white violets. That gentleman is he, Tom Singer. For through that singular "correspondence" of mine, I found a most capital husband—for my cousin Dot.

It's so. For he and I didn't fall in love with each other at all. By degrees our acquaintance fused into one of those delightful, earnest friendships which are often, and ought to be oftener formed between a man and a woman. He is a brave, true, dependable man, and we are the firmest of friends. Our friendship will bear friendship's one infallible test in that we dare to say to each other exactly what we think. But somehow we never took to each other kindly in any more romantic way than that. We weren't "affinities" at all. He was a great admirer of Shelley, whom I cannot abide. He liked hard-boiled eggs, which I cannot eat. He admired the tender, spooney style of woman, while I, I may as well confess it, am inclined to be a bit woman's-rightish. Moreover, he was a great stickler for Yankeedom and Eastern culture, and I, in open defiance of all "culture," adore my big, independent West. This world is wide enough for us both, with all our clashing opinions. We respect and like each other thoroughly, apart. Yoked together, though, our lives would have been one irresistible conflict. We should have constituted a notorious case of "incompatibility." We were lucky to escape each other. It was Dot, *petite* Dot, with her baby blue eyes, and her misty blue muslins, who realized his ideal. I am much larger, and not suited to misty blue muslins. But Tom Singer is still a most heroic hero in my eyes, though he's Dot's hero instead of mine.

My cousin Dot has a wonderfully sweet voice. She sings like the Witch of the Lurley. Though she doesn't lure gentlemen on with her singing and her '*goldenes Haar*," till they dash their brains out against the rocks. She is a perfectly harmless, innocent little fairy, is Dot. I even saw how it was with her and Tom. And I was very glad. For I do love romance in real life, and I knew that Tom and I might go on till the trumpet sounded doomsday, without the faintest prospect of ever acting an unwritten love-story.

And here is Tom's and Dot's love-story.

One evening we had come in, we three, from a walk down the river. It was that rare, beautiful time of evening which is sunlight, twilight, and moonlight, partly all three, and wholly neither. Directly we came in, Dot went straight to the piano and began to sing a song which every woman will love to have a dear old man sing to her some day when her hair is gray and she is wearing spectacles. I don't know what you would make of it East, with your Italian opera, your exquisite tenor, and your prima donna who goes so far up in the high notes that you hold your breath while she comes down; I don't know what Eastern culture would think of Dot's little melody, but out West here it brings tears to our eyes, sometimes, when we hear it. This is part of it:

"We're growing old, my darling,
Our hair is turning gray;
But taking the year together, my dear,
You'll always find your May.
We've had our May, my darling,
In the blooming long ago,
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

"But God is God, my darling—
Of the night as well as the day;
And still we know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.
Aye! God is God, my darling—
Of the river of death so grim,
And the gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

"Then don't be sorrowful, darling,
Don't be sorrowful, pray,
For taking the year all round, my dear,
There isn't more night than day."

When Dot finished her song, none of us moved or spoke, but sat quite silent, thinking. Dot still at the piano, with her hands lying in her lap. Tom Singer must have forgotten I was there, for all at once he stood up, crossed over by the piano, and laying one hand softly upon Dot's "goldenes Haar," he said:

"Dot! Little Dot, will you marry me?"

And Dot, brave little woman as she is, answered up quite distinctly, though very, very tenderly:

"I will."

"*Da öffnen sich des Himmels Rosenthore*," quoted I. "What a pretty story you'll make!"

So they were married. They are very happy indeed. Only Tom writes no more letters. His leisure hours are wholly occupied with Dot's kitten and band-boxes. But they, Dot, Tom, the kitten, and the band-boxes are quite happy all round.

For myself, my hopes still turn their faces to the coming years. I am still waiting for my hero. Do you suppose I shall ever find him?

MY LETTERS AND I.

Is the hush of the winter midnight—
In the hush of the sleeping house—
When no weird wind stirs in the gloomy firs,
The spirits of storm to rouse,

When never a glint of moonlight
Gleams from the great black sky,
By the red fire's glow, as it smoulders low,
We crouch, my letters and I.

My letters, they lie where I tossed them,
On the crimson hearthrug there,
Still, vivid and bright in the ruddy light,
As cobras in their lair.

I push the hair from my forehead,
That burns and throbs so fast,
Thinking the while, with a strange dull smile,
Of the task I must do at last.

Who knows but I, the comfort
Those foolish letters have been?
The depth and scope—the strength and hope—
Of those "leaves" that are always "green?"

Who knows but I, how sadly,
To-morrow, I and my dream,
By the ashes gray will weep and say,
"Woe's me for that vanished gleam.

"The gleam of idle gladness,
The glimmer of memories bright,
That hid in each line of those letters of mine,
Those letters I burn to-night!"

Ah well! the dream was a folly;
Its joy was an idle thing,
Its hope was a lie, and its loyalty
Died of a whisperer's sting.

So a kiss—the last—to my letters.
A resolute hand, and—there!
Do the sad dark eyes of my Paradise
Meet mine through the fierce flame's flare?

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XIV.

STILL WATER.

Life, which, in some scenes, may be likened to a torrent's rush and roar, and in others to a stagnant pool, festering in unwholesome isolation, seemed, at St. Pagans Abbey and at Shellton Manor, to flow on calmly and peacefully enough, like a river, deep and quiet. But even in that calm and peace there were perhaps forces silently at work below the surface, that were certain, in time, to mar the serene composure of the indwellers of these two country mansions. But for the present, all went smoothly on.

Very pleasant was the sea-coast during that period, at which the long English spring had given way to the short, joyous English summer. The breeze that sprang freshly up at every turn of the ebb-tide, was doubly grateful to the senses now that the "heated term," as the Americans, with expressive ugliness of diction, choose to name the dog-days, had set in with unaccustomed sultriness. The corn ripened on the upland ridges; and the red gold of the barley, and the pale gold of the wheat, speckled with scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers—welcome bits of bright color, that even the sternest of utilitarians could hardly have had the heart to wish away—and the silver oats of the feathery oats, swayed merrily in the south wind. The woods were rich in their glory of gold-green leaves, and the hops in the valley threw out their tendrils like a verdant web, and twined their heavy clusters around the tall ash-poles. A good harvest was looked for, and not by agriculturists only. Shellton-on-Sea tradesmen and lodging-house keepers, though they grumbled, of course, were doing well in their degree. The watering-place was surprisingly full, considering that the London season, far spent, but not quite over as yet, still kept the bulk of the polite world in town.

Ruth Morgan was still a visitor at St. Pagans, and so indeed was the actual owner of the house, who obstinately refused to be considered in any other light than as a guest. Every few days brought about the announcement of a new plan of Lord Ulswater's for the disposal of the rest of the summer. He would go to Norway; several of his friends had plagued him to go to Norway as one of their party, and murder salmon by the ton. Harcourt Leslie, and the young Marquis of Glencreel, and Mr. Rods, Q. C., who was then anticipating the Solicitor-generalship, and who, being as mighty at sport and at whist as with his legal wig on, was hand-in-glove with a score of youthful patricians, had written to beg him to join them. Lexington was going to spend the shining hours on board his yacht, Tregooze thought of a little active scrambling among the High Alps, Chirper was going to Egypt, and some other Eleusinians to Iceland—and each and all desired Lord Ulswater's company. The owner of St. Pagans alternately expressed a semi-serious decision in favor of all these projects.

Ruth Morgan, however, noticed with a strange sinking of the heart, that although Lord Ulswater was so continually talking of his departure for such incongruous places as Radjkivik and Grand Cairo, he not only stayed where he was, but spent a great portion of his time at Shellton Manor. She was quick to take alarm where her brother's interests were concerned, and her original dislike to John, Baron Ulswater, had never been conquered, even by his delicate kindness towards herself. She admitted that he was very kind, gentle, and considerate, and that all she saw and heard should have tended to obliterate any latent prejudice against him. But the prejudice was perverse, and held its ground doggedly; and presently her woman's wit suggested to her that it would be as well for William Morgan if he were not away, at least unless Lord Ulswater were away too.

This poor girl's devoted love for her only brother caused her more pain than pleasure, after the fashion of such attachments; but she was quite unselfish, and if she suffered from the neglect of the object of all this fondness, she never resented it. She even shrank from accusing William, at the bar of her own heart, of having neglected her. True, he had ridden or driven over to the abbey more rarely than might have been expected of him, so that Lady Harriet, who was rigid in her old-world standard of duty, had reproached him to his face with forgetting his sister. True, also, he had started on an expedition of undefined duration without so much as bidding her good-bye, save by a careless note written as he passed through London. But there are some women who do not expect the men they love to be very good or very fond, who are willing to furnish more than their fair share of affection or passion in a partnership for life, and who do all they can to persuade themselves that the clay feet of their idols are of fine gold.

Ruth, then, felt herself somewhat in the position of a dragon bound to guard the golden apples of the Hesperides until her brother, the rightful owner, should return. No such charge as this had, in point of fact, been made over to her, even tacitly. William Morgan had a large leaven of pride lurking in his disposition. He could never have brought himself to admit to any one that he suspected or feared that the affections of Flora Hastings might be stolen away from him; least of all could he have induced himself to confide in Ruth on such a point; for the embryo M.P. for Oakshire had some half-formed notion that his sickly sister was displeased by his engagement; that she had some fanciful objection to his marrying at all, on the ground of his being her only living relative and of her own helplessness, and what seemed to him her extravagant sentimentalism on his account. But therein the Fortunatus of Cramlingham, was mistaken, and did his sister a wrong.

Ruth, indeed, had been pained by the news of her betrothal to Miss Hastings, not because the bride was ineligible, but because this match, or any match, appeared to her imagination as a severance of such slender tie of fraternal intercourse as still existed between her brother and herself. His wife, for anything she knew, might not be her friend. High-born damsels, who marry wealthy plebeians, do not always feel a lively sympathy for the kith and kin of their parvenu consorts. But Ruth was not selfish. She could not help the first sting of what she regarded as a sorrow from making itself felt, but she resolutely applied herself to see the affair from the point of view from which her brother would have her see it, and she succeeded. She had quite reconciled herself to the match, if only William should find his happiness in it; and that he would find his happiness in marrying a girl so good, and gifted, and beautiful as Ruth acknowledged Miss Hastings to be, she was easily persuaded.

With a woman, consent means assistance. The cold, negative *laissez faire* that satisfies our ideas of friendship or duty has no place in the ethics of the impulsive sex. Ruth was no sooner assured that her brother's main hopes in life were bound up with the fidelity of Flora Hastings, than she began to consider herself in some measure responsible for the fruition of her brother's hopes. He was affianced, and he did not marry. It was not wholly his fault. It was not absolutely the fault of Miss Hastings, although she certainly had her share of that apparently capricious repugnance to fix a day for the marriage, which most girls who do not love, and some girls who do love, exhibit.

But a man of William Morgan's enormous wealth cannot do as he pleases. His great means accumulate around him certain long-remembered stewards, agents, men of business, hangers-on, paid and unpaid, each of whom claimed to have a voice in the transaction of their patron's affairs. Has no one ever noticed how a king, for instance, is hampered by his councillors, sages, and led-captains? Look into history! How rare are the occasions when a monarch could do as he would, could give back a forfeited estate, pardon a criminal, chop off a head, crush a parliament. In vain the prince would act with princely self-will. There are always loyal and venerable persons of both sexes to clasp the royal knees, to weep, and pray, and cling, and generally to get in His Majesty's path until His Majesty, tired, gives in to the power of pertinacious and well-meaning boredom.

So it was with William Morgan. The very magnitude of his fortune rendered it proper for every banker, land-agent, solicitor, or old friend of his father's, to interpose barriers of time, talk, and conveyancing between the young lord of lands and funds and his very innocent desire to be early and well married. All kinds of persons felt it their duty to protest this, that, and the other. He was ready to make magnificent settlements on Flora Hastings. The Middle Temple, by its barristers; Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, by its attorneys, pleaded against the ultra magnificence of these pecuniary arrangements. There were such and such contingencies, probable and unlikely, which the lawyers insisted on pressing upon the notice of their reluctant client. It was their duty to mention one point, to urge another, to point out difficulties everywhere. The lawyers employed on the Hastings' side took up the bone of contention with lawyer-like enthusiasm. Time and money were consumed in their correspondence, cautious, and backed by the opinion of counsel.

The money was of no account, but the time.

Time, sometimes, is more than money. William Morgan could have signed a cheque for a very great sum, but he had no more power over time than poorer men—less, perhaps, than some of them. And, indeed, it would have taken a strong, brutal despot—Napoleon I., Henry VIII.—to have made short work with the excuses and protests of the very humble and obedient servants who came between their master and his heart's desire.

So there was Fortunatus Morgan at Bridchester, in Oakshire, while his promised bride was still at Shellton Manor, and John, Lord Ulswater, was as a wolf prowling around the sheepfold. If a wolf, Ruth confessed to herself that he was an amiable and decorous wolf. He paid no ostensible court to the girl who was to be the wife of his—not friend, possibly, but friendly acquaintance. He was very much at Shellton. Nothing was more natural. There were attractive ladies, men of the world, political gossip, and one of Thurston's best billiard-tables, at Shellton. St. Pagans was a little sad and slow in its grand dullness; it was not to be wondered at that its owner should seek amusement elsewhere. The Right Honorable Robert and Mrs. Hastings saw nothing amiss in their neighbor's friendliness, nothing to dread in the frequent intercourse between their daughter and that neighbor.

There were plenty of guests at Shellton Manor: innocent country young ladies; young gentlemen, by no means innocent, from Mayfair; married couples of good blood and breeding; and all of these were ready to catch the first signs of the mischief to come. Even the honest, rosy-cheeked girls from distant counties had a fine natural scent for a flirtation. Love and love-making had occupied their brains and their tongues before they passed from the nursery to the school-room. They were as ready to babble of the evident understanding between Miss Hastings and the noble proprietor of St. Pagans, as ever was a newly-entered fox hound to give tongue along the hedgerow where Reynard may have passed.

Of two things, one was certain—either Lord Ulswater had great tact, or there was really nothing between Miss Hastings and him. It was obvious to the dullest observer—to the servants, for instance—and John Carnac had never been slow, as some gentlemen are, to acknowledge that a footman has eyes, and that even the discreetest of butlers can see—that my lord spoke less often to Miss Hastings than to any lady there. It would have been more reasonable to tax him with a passion for Miss Warburton than for the daughter of the house. He was always "laughing and chaffing"—so indignant Captain Crashaw, who was excessively inclined to pay attention to that florid young lady and her twenty-eight thousand pounds, averred—with Dora Warburton. The few quiet sentences spoken in the ear of Flora Hastings, an opportunity served, passed for nothing.

But Ruth Morgan, vigilant for her brother's sake, was uneasy at her self-assigned post as sentinel.

"Mine will be," she murmured to herself, "but a short, short time here on earth; but I would wish to see him happy before I go from him. His happiness depends on this girl. She may be true. I think she is good. But, ah me? does she love him? Does she know what love is?"

Poor little casuist, putting questions to her own fond heart and bewildered brain, as the moonlight fell, solemn and silvery, upon the gray stones of St. Pagans. Perhaps the inexorable logic of facts had answered her already. Perhaps Flora Hastings was beginning to learn, slowly and timidly, after the experience of two London seasons, "what love was."

CHAPTER XV.

MR. MARSH AT HOME.

Cavendish Terrace, Shellton-on-Sea, is perhaps the most ambitiously designed of all the rows of dwellings in that watering-place. Its noble mansions, as they were described in the printed prospectus of the speculative builder who planned them, towered majestically above the vulgar roofs on either hand. Even the Georgian glories of the Marine Parade, where royal Dukes and Serene Highnesses had once been harbored in stuffy little bow-windowed rooms—even those quasi-historic glories paled before the stucco-splendor of the Terrace. As for York Crescent, Clarence Villas, Albert Square, and the rest, they were no more to be compared with Cavendish Terrace than dwarfs to a giant. The noble mansions boasted of a most extensive frontage, and a grand sea-view. They had great plate-glass windows, heavy balconies, *front*-doors that were approached by a profusion of unnecessary stone steps, and shaded by useless Corinthian columns, much mock stone-carving in the shape of pilasters and cornices, and a perfect rabbit warren of bedrooms.

The Terrace might have been an ornament to Utah instead of to Shellton-on-Sea, or it might have been erected by an architect strong in the Mormon faith, and anticipating the conversion of Britain to Mormon principles, so much did the number of dormitories exceed the imaginable requirements of a single family. There were windows, windows everywhere, from where the glass of the basement glared up at foot-passengers, up to the attic casements, glistening, like sly eyes, among the slates of the roof. Tall, drab-colored, and rectangular, the huge houses stared gaudily forth upon strand and sea, like a block of highly-ornamented barracks.

Pride, however, as the proverb teaches us, will have a fall, and the pride of Cavendish Terrace, figuratively speaking, had sustained a very severe fall indeed. The speculation had been a failure, like most of its brotherhood of hollow, overgrown shams. The tall houses, mortgaged before they were half built, re-mortgaged during the process of roofing them in, built and fitted up on credit, or with borrowed capital, had changed owners half-a-dozen times by means of foreclosure, compromise, private contract, and public auction. Each of the noble mansions might have passed for the tombstone of a small fortune buried in its unremunerative construction. There was indeed a ghastly, funereal air about the Terrace, due, perhaps, to the fact, that the sub-contractors, working on the admirable principle of low tenders and "scamped" work, had made free use of green wood, deliquescent plaster, and refuse bricks. The stucco of the frontage had peeled off here and there, showing streaks of discolored wall beneath, like a wrinkled old face peering out through cracks in its enamel; the columns and steps were often crazy, the roofs unsound, the window and door frames warped and leaky, and the whole house a Temple of the Winds.

With all this, Cavendish Terrace was not allowed to go to utter ruin. The first two or three batches of owners having lost their money upon it, it had now come, pretty cheaply, into the hands of small local capitalists—the brewer, the leading tradesmen, and the richest of the attorneys of Shellton. These new proprietors knew how to make the pretentious pile pay fairly well. They could not, indeed, find tenants of the opulent class for whose accommodation the houses were first designed, that is, not permanent tenants. But six of the eight dwellings were inhabited by hard-working, anxious eyed women, harpies to their lodgers, but to their employers as useful as are fishing-cormorants to the Chinese; and in the bathing-season a few short weeks brought in a tremendous rent, which permitted the property to lie fallow for the rest of the year, not unprofitably on the whole. The other two of the noble mansions were let unfurnished, number seven to the Misses Buckram, principals of Cavendish Ladies' College, who resembled the great lexicographer, according to the elder Boswell, in keeping a school under a finer name, and number eight to Stephen Marsh, M.R.C.S.

Mr. Marsh was at home, albeit the dining-room in which he and his wife habitually spent their hours of domestic calm, was not a very homelike-looking apartment. After all, the creation of a home depends on subjective gifts, not on objective ones. Many a very poor cottage, many a tenement in the narrow back-lanes of Shellton-on-Sea, realised the home idea far more vividly than Mr. Marsh's noble mansion had ever done. The house, or, more correctly, a portion of it, had been expensively furnished, by the joint help of credit and of the money that the surgeon had mysteriously acquired when first he caused his brand-new brass plate to be screwed upon the front door—expensively, but in the worst possible taste, for the furniture was flashy and tawdry, highly varnished, no doubt, but exactly the sort of furniture that sets forth from the parent warehouse on a principle of limited liability, and succumbs to a few months' wear and tear.

At the same time, it must be owned that Mr. Marsh's furniture had not been fairly dealt with. The master of the house drank more than was good for him; the mistress was a slatternly, peevish woman; the servants ill-chosen, unpaid, and looked after not at all; and the children under no more discipline than if they had been so many Bashi Bazouks. Also Mr. Marsh's worldly goods had been twice taken in execution for shop-debts or arrears of rent, and once absolutely carted off to a broker's, whence they had been ransomed by some supply of ready cash, to get which Mrs. Marsh had gone down on her knees to her brother at the old farm—her brother, who had forbidden Stephen Marsh to darken his doors, but who relented this once at the spectacle of his sister's sore distress.

There, however, in the dining-room of the noble mansion, surrounded by rickety furniture, weak in its castors, damaged as to its veneering—surrounded also by headless horses, broken-nosed dolls, and other battered toys—by garish new pictures, the raw bright colors of which glared out of the gilt frames like signboards wet from Dick Tinto's brush—by a bruised copper coal-skuttle, a meerschaum pipe as brown as nicotine could make it, a litter of books, and feminine wearing-apparel more or less incomplete, a cigar-box, a skull, a heap of articles "too numerous to be mentioned," and a starved canary crying shrilly, in bird-language, for food and water, from behind the tarnished wires of his neglected cage, sat Stephen Marsh, Mary Ann his wife, and the two elder children.

The Member of the College of Surgeons was in dressing-gown and slippers; no coquettish morning-robe of velvet and gold, no Turkish papouches heavy with embroidery, such as the hero of a Haymarket novel might wear, but a shabby brown shawl dressing-gown, and the common buff slippers that were sold, at vile price, along with children's wooden sand-spades, at the door of the local bazaar. With his drooping head, his ruffled black hair, and the dull glimmer of his shallow eyes, the disreputable practitioner might have been at least a first-cousin to one of the poor draggled vultures eating out their own hearts (in default of the liver of Prometheus) in their cages at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.

And yet the occupant of Number eight Cavendish Terrace was for the moment free from care, and in a sort of pseudo-prosperity that extorted reluctant civilities from erst growling shopkeepers. The surgeon—no one knew how—had suddenly come into the possession of enough money to pay the more pressing of the claims upon him, in whole or in part. Also, another gleam of prosperity, from another quarter, had let in a moderate amount of social sunshine to diversify the saddened, sullen, brooding gloom of his profitless life. An old chum of his, who had known him, and liked him well when the twain were Burschen at a High-German university, amid gaudy caps, white beer-mugs, porcelain pipes, crooked sabres, scarred faces, and the peculiar gabble of the student tribe, half pedantic, half poetic, wholly boyish, had wished to do Stephen Marsh a good turn. He, the friend, was now a thriving doctor in one of the very few sugar-producing colonies that pay their way royally, and he had offered to send over two young colonists, sons of rich men, who would willingly pay a thumping premium to Mr. Marsh for the privilege of learning the art of healing. What a chance for a lean surgeon, out of elbows, out of character, was here presented!

But Mr. Marsh was sulky in word, and thought, and deed, as he sat, late in the day, blinking at the golden daylight, in dressing-gown and slippers, ill-shaven, ill-washed, unsteady of eye and hand.

"I call it," he said surlily—"I call it cursed impertinence on Brophy's part. What right has he to patronise me, I should like to know, or to presume that his infernal colonial cubs, with their five hundred pounds, would furnish what he calls an acceptable addition to my income? Confound him! I was twice as good a man as he when we were at college—I was a Fox when he was a plain Bursche, and—Hang the brats! what a tease they are; and Miss Buckram's gabies of girls, what a row they make, strum, strum on those brutal jingling pianos, and you—Mary Ann, can't you speak?"

The last words were very querulously uttered. Everything, in truth, vexed the surgeon's shattered nerves, far gone as the man was in drink and irritability. And certainly, through the thin contract-built walls, the noise which Miss Buckram's pupils made in playing their scales with hesitating fingers, on instruments that might have been supplied by the ironmonger, to judge by their tone, was the reverse of an anodyne. Also the children were clamorous and dirty as to their faces and fingers, and Mrs. Marsh was in one of her silent moods, and with her, to be silent meant to be sullen.

"What do you expect me to say?" asked Mrs. Marsh, slowly lifting her eyes from the dog-eared novel, greasy with much thumbing, and unwarped as to its binding, on which her feeble brains were busy. There are, of course, worse ways of spending time than in the reading of novels; but with the wife of Stephen's bosom, novel-reading was a vice. She had taken to fiction as others take to drink, and ordered incessant stores of Minerva Press literature—to modern tales, but the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, and the other Rosicrucians—as drunkards order a dram. The circulating library of Shellton-on-Sea, the subscribers to which grumbled much at the scanty supply of new works concealed in recondite nooks beneath the counter, had yet a large room the shelves of which were furnished with a most wonderful collection of old dusky novels bound in boards; such novels as Lydia Languish caused her maid to purvey for her by armfuls; and on these Mrs. Marsh battened at will. It was an old habit, and it would, after all, have been hard to grudge the poor woman her only pleasure.

"What do you expect me to say?" asked Mrs. Marsh sulkily. Most of us can hear, and even heed, in a sort of semi-conscious way, and her mind was not so busy with the Moated Grange, or with the page under the gigantic helmet in the castle-hall of Otranto, but that she was aware of the drift of her husband's discourse. That loving consort gruffly retorted that he expected no sense from her lips, at anyrate, but that he would be glad to know what she thought of the delightful treat of having two conceited young colonial puppies quartered on him, Stephen Marsh, to be taught the healing art.

"You are very civil indeed—you always are. But if you want my opinion, here it is for you," said Mrs. Marsh deliberately from behind her book: "You ought to be glad of any honest means of paying the butcher and baker—any honest means. And if we could get credit so as to furnish two nice airy bedrooms with a look-out over the sea, and if the young men really pay such a premium, you ought to jump at it, unless you're quite cracked, as I sometimes think." In explanation of which project, it may be said that not one-fourth part of the noble mansion had been furnished when the surgeon sent in his tawdry chattels. Most of the rooms stood bleak and bare; and it was on this account that Mrs. Marsh, with a woman's practical view of affairs, had suggested furnishing two rooms for the expected pupils from hot latitudes.

The lady's advice was good sound counsel, certainly, and yet it had the effect of making her husband more angry than before. There were several reasons for this. The form of Mrs. Marsh's speech was not conciliatory; there was a taunt tacked to it; and, worse still, very great stress was laid upon the word "honest," which word was repeated. Now, this had reference to bygone but still smouldering quarrels, and, as the surgeon well knew, bore more immediately upon the mysterious sums of money which he had twice obtained, and of the source of which his wife knew no more than she could glean from the broken utterances that dropped from his lips as he lay sleeping at her side.

But, after all, what annoyed the surgeon most was that the advice was not only rational, but that it agreed with his own secret determination. Headstrong and ill-conditioned as Stephen Marsh might be, he was not mad enough to forfeit such a chance as that which had apparently dawned before him. He meant to take the pupils and the thousand guineas, if only he could get them; but, like a pike that cannot resist the silvery gudgeon that the angler twirls before his shark-like snout, but will not pouch the bait kindly, Mr. Marsh desired to be pitied for the prospective good-luck that had befallen him. He broke out roughly: "You are a fool, Mary Ann. Do you think that I—a man that knows more of anatomy, practically and theoretically, than any six of the pompous old charlatans who get all the fees, and all the praise, and all the good appointments, over the heads of their superiors—that I am going to play bear-leader to a brace of young jackanapes from Demerara or Barbice, or wherever my patron, Brophy, forsooth, chooses to feel the pulses of greater idiots than himself! Sooner than that, I'd—" And here Mr. Marsh concluded his harangue, not with any regular peroration, but with a very ugly oath and a very ugly look, supplemented by a spiteful kick that sent a shabby footstool flying halfway across the frayed carpet, and set the children off crying in concert; but Mrs. Marsh not taking up the ball of contention, there was no active war. In the case of this couple, a sort of quietism was setting in, after years of bickering. There were skirmishes still, but not such battles-royal as when, for instance, Mary Ann had fled by night to a friend's house, and from that vantage-ground had obtained the intervention of the Queen's Justices to bind over her Stephen to keep the peace.

Accordingly, the only answer which Mrs. Marsh made to her husband's verbal assault was a little sneering laugh, and then the lady returned to the patient perusal of her greasy volume; while the whimpering children resumed their wild sports among the legs of the lame dinner-table. Mr. Marsh sneered too, and made some pretence of reading the crumpled medical journal that lay on the table beside him, but presently arose, pushing back his high-backed elbow-chair. "I shall go out," said the surgeon, casting a scowling glance at his wife: "anywhere else than in this doghole of a house, a man can find some peace. I can't stand much more of this chorus of squalling children; and the jangle of those infernal tin-kettles next door would make any person mad—any person with brains enough to go mad, at least," concluded Mr. Marsh savagely. Then he applied himself to exchange his dressing-gown for the black coat that hung on a peg beside the book-case, and to substitute a pair of boots, that were kept in the lower locker of that glazed receptacle for literature, for the buff slippers that he wore when at home. Large as the noble mansion might be, the long-suffering dining-room where the family usually congregated had to serve many purposes, and it suited Mr. Marsh rather to keep his walking attire within its precincts, than to adjourn to his squalid dressing-room up-stairs.

And now Mrs. Marsh laid aside her book, with an unpaid bill between its leaves by way of marker, and got up from her chair, chiding the children into temporary silence. Indifferent as she was to her lord's sarcasms, and deaf as she was to his threats and complaints, she no sooner saw that he was in earnest on the subject of going out, than a change came over her. It was not, indeed, on every day, or even on every fine day, that the surgeon now stirred abroad; often would he pass the whole of the period between breakfast and bedtime in purposeless inaction, without caring to go out.

He was going out now, however; and it was incumbent on Mrs. Marsh to hush the children, to close her book, and to devote her energies to the task of "smartening papa up," so that he should make a decent show before the world. It was quite quaint, and almost pathetic, to see with what brisk fingers the faded wife assisted in adjusting the tie of her husband's untidy cravat, in brushing his coat, smoothing down the rebellious nap of his cheap hat, and hunting in drawers and hiding-places for a pair of gloves that should be fit for wear. The exertion brought a little color into her pale cheeks, and a little light into her dull eyes. Her manner grew almost tender as, with womanly deftness, she put the final artistic touches to her work—tender enough, at anyrate, to suggest the idea that, married to a better man, Mary Ann Marsh, *née* Hogben, might have been a better woman.

And so Stephen Marsh was made presentable; and so, thankless for the unasked help that his wife had afforded him in the beautifying process, the gloomy surgeon took a cursory glance at his appearance in the blotched mirror over the mantel-piece, settled his hat upon his head, and shutting the front-door after him with a bang, sallied forth.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. MARSH ABROAD.

In a little place like Shellton-on-Sea, every

one is known, more or less, with such particulars with respect of income, antecedents, character, and conduct, as those wiliest and staunchest of all public providers of news, the male and female gossips of a watering-place, can collect. Mr. Marsh, albeit, no native, and not indeed a very old inhabitant of the bathing town, was very well known by sight and by repute to the larger portion of his neighbors. But though people stared at him from the other side of the street, or nudged one another and whispered as he came up the Parade, it was surprising to see how few were his acquaintance, and how shy were the Sheltonians of acknowledging his presence by bow or word. Certainly the man who drew the Bath chairs gave him a grudging salute; and a few of the smaller shopkeepers, hurrying through the streets with light parcels of goods for valued customers who declined to wait until that almost mythical lad, "our errand-boy," should have concluded his game at marbles or leap-frog, made him a quick cringing bow of recognition.

But Mr. Marsh remembered with bitterness that those very men had been the most eager of the pack of suspicious creditors that bayed at his heels, and threatened to drag him down, but a little while ago, and before his late windfall of ready money had enabled him to stave off the demands of those whom he honored with his custom; and he well knew that the principal tradesmen of the place, less rancorous against him in his insolvency, it may be, were more firm in their bad opinion of him as a rogue in grain. As for the Upper Five Hundred of the place, the would-be fashionable doctor might indeed have been under a cloud, like Diomedes before Troy, for aught that they seemed to see of him as he half slunk, half swaggered past them. From the windows of Marine Parade houses, unfriendly eyes espied the surgeon as he went by, and tongues wagged against him as the wretch who supplanted his benefactor, beat his wife, neglected his children—the wretch who was known or supposed to have all the seven deadly sins, supplemented by the eighth crime of staying away from church, on his seared conscience.

This was no novelty: he had expected nothing better; and yet it cut him to the heart every time that the reality of it was revived. In vain he sneered and frowned, and bore his head high, and shot dark glances at the groups of those who had been his patients when he was a mere assistant to old Dennis, but who refused to know the tenant of number eight Cavendish Terrace. In vain he told himself, what was perfectly true, that on grounds of pure intellect he was superior to most, on grounds of acquired information to perhaps all, of those who now cut him so remorselessly. He was really an astute and learned man, had received a good education, and had capped it by deep reading and deep thought; and there had been a time when ladies had pronounced Dr. Dennis's assistant a delightful young doctor, and when old gentlemen had deigned to chat with him at library-doors or on the jetty where the band played. But now, when Stephen Marsh approached, those very ladies became suddenly engrossed in the seaward prospect, or the children's perambulators, or the very pebbles at their feet; and the red-faced, old, half-pay colonels and majors, stupid, but respectable, passed him by with stolid indifference.

Mr. Marsh had associates still, but they were night-birds, and they avoided the daylight and the open places in front of the sea, to come forth at dusk, as owls do, and talk and smoke in public house parlors. There he was a man of some distinction still, as a scholar and a member of one of the learned professions, but none of these tavern-haunters were abroad among the innocent promenaders on whom the surgeon gazed so resentfully.

Officers of regiments and depôts quartered in out-of-the-way places are seldom very niggardly of their acquaintance, and the officers stationed at Shelton had formerly been hand-in-glove with Mr. Marsh. This, however, was at an earlier period of his Decline and Fall, when he was both more sober and more neat in his personal appearance than in these latter days. He had not then been excluded from the mess-room, but by degrees even his accomplishments—for he was an admirable billiard-player, could fence, sing a good song, and play on several instruments with true German taste and accuracy—could not float him in military society. One by one, his friends dropped him as a drunken fellow, who ought not to be seen speaking to a gentleman. So now the bluff jolly captains, and the candid ensigns, with their pink, smooth faces, and the elder subalterns, with accurately trimmed moustaches, and hairy terriers trotting at their heels, got out of Mr. Marsh's way, or stared straight before them, as if they saw him not. All things considered, the doctor's afternoon stroll must have been more prolific in sours than in sweets.

"It is *his* fault—it is all his fault: but for him, I should not be here!" Thus to himself spoke Mr. Marsh; and as he tramped along, looking curses at the Matresfamilias gathering up their brood around them, as a sort of body-guard against the wicked surgeon's baleful approach; at the military vaunterers in gray suits or Cochin-China coats; at the local ne-aristocracy old and young; at the misses, with elaborate *chignons* and gay little hats—as he thus tramped along, a mental photograph of Lord Ullswater, splendidly strong, and insolently handsome, rose up before him. "It is all his fault," snarled out Mr. Marsh, as he got beyond the foot-walk of the regular parade, past the posts and chains, and the black jetty musing out into the sea, and the last bathing-machine, and found himself on a narrow strip of shingly ground, where the cliff encroached steeply upon the beach.

The promenaders, one and all, turned back, invariably, before reaching this strip of Debatable Land between the white cliff and the rough sea; and only a few roving urchins, or a coast-guard mariner with his glass to his eye, or a washerwoman pressed for space to dry visitors' clothes in the crowded summer season, frequented the spot; yet there, when Mr. Marsh turned into its uninviting borders, were two men, walking together, with slow tread, the loose shingle crackling harshly beneath their feet.

Ill-matched companions, these two, as they appeared when Mr. Marsh first descried them. The elder was a tall, a very tall old man, who, to judge by his inches, might have been a strapping grenadier in his youth. His shambling gait and abject bearing, however, were the reverse of soldierly; and as he crawled and writhed along the narrow pathway, his bent back, and stooped head, and rounded shoulders, seemed to be apologizing in dumb-show to the world at large for their owner's presumption in venturing to be so very tall. This meek creature, long-bodied and gnarled-headed, was clad in a suit of spongy cloth of that negative hue known as "pepper and salt;" and he had square-toed shoes, and stockings of gray worsted; a dull, woolly, untrimmed hat, on the dim surface of which no brushing and smoothing of a caressing hand could produce a glimmer of polish; a wisp of a black neckcloth; and very conspicuous pewter buttons, as bright as friction and rotten-stone could render them. These habiliments might at first sight have been mistaken for a livery; but the most economical member of the Manchester school would hardly have put a servant into such a costume as that which the old man wore: there was no band of gold, silver, or white around the woolly hat; no crest upon the buttons, not so much as a cipher. And yet it was a livery, for all that—the livery of Poverty as by vestry vote appointed. As the wearer drew near, the surgeon might, had he pleased, have read the capital letters S. P. worked in white upon the collar and cuffs of the pepper-and-salt coat. S. P. stood for Shelton Parish, and the old man was a pauper, clothed, lodged, and nourished in the hospitable workhouse of that town, in which he held, indeed, some subordinate office, such as paupers, for indirect wages in the shape of perquisites or favors, are permitted to fill.

But Mr. Marsh knew the wearer of the coat, and the coat itself, a great deal too well for it to be necessary that he should trouble himself in deciphering the purport of the embroidered initials with which Bumbledom badges the raiment of Want. His curiosity was excited by the younger man of the two, a burly, thick-set fellow, bandy-legged, bull-necked, with a flat face, bestial brows, and the hair closely cropped upon a head that was as round as a bullet. A sturdy, formidable figure, dressed in dusty slop-shop clothes of a yellow white, such as navvies wear in hot weather, and with a blue bird's-eye handkerchief twisted around his collarless neck. His heavy ankle-boots kicked the pebbles savagely to right and left, as he walked moodily along beside the old man; and he looked by no means the sort of way-farer whom a nervous gentleman, if benighted, would care to encounter in the middle of a dark lane. Such a face withal, lowering, defiant, resentful, a face which in its dull but menacing discontent resembled that of a fierce overdriven bull.

Nearer and nearer yet, and now, strange to say, Mr. Marsh began to distinguish a likeness between those two faces, that in lineaments and expression were so unlike. Though the senior had a long nose, hooked and high-bridged, a forehead high and narrow, cheek-bones high and sharp, small eyes placed very near to the fleshy beak of a nose, and a mouth as mean as the eyes; while the junior's scarred countenance was that of a sulky mastiff, bluff and grim, there was a likeness between them after all.

The tall old pauper took off his hat with a cringing bow as he met the surgeon—for this appointment of workhouse medical officer was the only piece of paid professional employment, it may be remembered, remaining to Mr. Marsh, and he lost by it, chary as he was of expensive drugs—but the strong man beside him stared rudely in Mr. Marsh's face, and kept his pipe between his lips, and his greasy cap untouched upon his head, as he paced on. Mr. Marsh said nothing; he nodded and frowned, but there was something in his eye which the old man, with an instinct born of servility and his long habit of watching the eyes of his superiors, interpreted correctly enough. He answered it, however, by nothing but another humble twitch at the brim of his woolly hat, and slunk on, crouchingly, at the side of his broad-shouldered companion. Mr. Marsh sat himself down upon a broken windlass that had drawn up bathing-machines in what were called the palmy days of Shelton-on-Sea, when royal dukes were not quite so scarce on its parade as the Dinorals in New Zealand, and waited. He had not to wait long. He saw the two figures come to a halt just where a lane that skirted some stabling afforded a short-cut to the poorer and more crowded portion of the town; there was evidently a brief debate, and then the younger of the men disappeared in the shadow of the lane, and the old man, as Mr. Marsh had expected, came shambling back alone.

The woolly hat came fairly off the grizzled head this time, as its wearer ducked and bent his limber spine before the darkling surgeon.

"Hope I see you well, Mr. Marsh, sir?" said the pauper, with an abject smile. He said no more, but stood fawningly waiting for the other to speak; and as he towered over the surgeon seated on the windlass, he bore an odd resemblance to the stork in *Æsop* when perplexed how to dip his long bill in the fox's platter.

"Huller?" said Mr. Marsh, after a pause, "who was that fellow I met you with? That son of yours, eh?—Don't lie, sir!" he added, very severely, for he saw by the old man's false smile and shifting eye that he was seeking to evade the question.

"Why, yes, I must own to it, sir. My son William, sir, poor fellow—it was him certainly. No offence, sir. Begging you to excuse the feelings of a father that once knew better days, and—"

Here Mr. Huller was interrupted.

"Hark you, you precious old humbug, don't try it on with *me*," said Mr. Marsh roughly; "I know all about you and your better days. Usher in a school, singer in a choir first, and then in a tap-room, bonnet at a gambling house, tavern-waiter in the Haymarket, tub preacher, begging-letter writer, book-keeper to an omnibus proprietor, thimble-rigger, billiard-marker, photographer's tout—such, with intervals of treadmill and oakum-picking, and perhaps some minor vagabondage that I forget, out of all you told me in your drunken confidences, you tipsy old sinner—those are your better days, and that is a fair sketch of your career—is it not?"

Mr. Marsh's manner had quite altered; his eye was stern, and his voice as hard as if he had been a French Procureur or an old-world Inquisitor. The tall old pauper wriggled and abased himself before his cruel questioner. The ready tears rose to his eyes.

"Too true, sir; and it has brought me to this," answered Huller; and as he pointed to the workhouse mark upon the cuff of his pepper-and-salt coat, a drop or two fell from the old man's eyes upon the sleeve of that eleemosynary garment. Tears of regret, at any rate, possibly of shame or of remorse; or they may have been the mere product of agitation, acting on a frame saddened by such a limited quantity of strong-waters, swallowed in secret, as a pauper official can get by fair means or foul; and certainly the orbits of Mr. Huller's eyes were very red, and his lip and hand unsteady, and there was a slight perfume of gin that clung to him like an alcoholic atmosphere.

"Then don't try to humbug *me*," said Mr. Marsh, shaking a threatening forefinger at his aged acquaintance. "Your son, William, is the chap that was transported, wasn't he?"

"He was—in trouble, sir," said the father, coughing with humility behind his hand.

"Garrotting, eh?" demanded Mr. Marsh curtly.

Huller coughed again, and was compelled to admit that his offspring's quarrel with the law had been on account of "something of that sort."

"Then, has he worked his time out? Has he a ticket-of-leave, or is he an escaped convict?" succinctly inquired the surgeon.

The pauper's pliant spine was bowed still lower, and his bony hands were rubbed together, as he deferentially answered that his "boy" had been liberated "for good."

"For a strange sort of 'good,' judging by his looks," said Mr. Marsh sneeringly. "Now, what is he doing here? Don't shuffle or equivocate; don't lie. If you talk to me of hay, and harvest, and hop-picking, of course I shall know you lie. Why is he here?"

Thus adjured, Huller *père* urbanely informed Mr. Marsh that Shelton was his son's native place, as well as his own; that Bill had come down from London, finding work slack, to—to see his old father, and to—to see whether his parent could suggest to him any available means of gaining a livelihood, or—"

"Yes, I see—put him up to a 'plant,' you mean," broke in Mr. Marsh with a contemptuous grin. He had narrowly watched the old man's face, knowing how hard it is for a liar to lie with a pair of hostile eyes fixing his own; and he knew that the pauper had spoken truth, or such an approach to truth as those glib-scented lips could frame. Yes, that was true, no doubt. The old man had been but a timid knave, too fearful to make a bold stroke; but his ruffianly son doubtless was aware that his parent's brains were far better than his—that accounted for all.

"Now, Huller, my man," said Mr. Marsh, jibing, "of course I shall say nothing to the authorities up there"—jerking his thumb to indicate the workhouse—"of the very objectionable company in which I found you. But there are two things on which I insist—first, you must let me know when your son leaves the place; and secondly, while he stays, you must keep sober. When you drink—to excess, I mean—your tongue gets loosened, and I don't choose that your engaging son should know anything of the slight service you rendered me some few years since; you understand?"

Yes, fawning Huller understood. He wished, or at least he said so, that he might be struck dead if he blabbed a word that might vex his generous patron. And would Mr. Marsh kindly condescend—an old man wanted many little comforts which a workhouse did not supply? Whereupon, Mr. Marsh, with a very bad grace, gave Huller a sovereign, and the interview ended.

"That fellow may be useful. Who knows? He would cut a throat for small pay, or I have studied Lavater to little purpose." Thus ran the stream of Mr. Marsh's thoughts, as he strode homewards. "I must work with such tools as I can get. So much the worse for him, if he drives me to use them." And he smiled a grim smile, that was worse, and more wicked than a frown.

What were Huller's meditations, it matters little; but he, too, slunk away with an evil smile upon his face; in his case, rather a smile of cunning than of resentment. "Pretty nearly dry," he chuckled to himself, as he felt, with loving touch, the sovereign in the left-hand pocket of his pepper-and-salt waistcoat. "When the lemon 's quite dry, we shall try a new game, doctor!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTERS TO LADIES.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M.D.

Ladies—As I look over able writers on all the general Health topics, such as Diet, Dress, Exercise, Amusements, Bathing, etc., I conclude it is for me to look after the "bits and ends." It is woman's province to look after little things, as well as little ones—to keep toes in stockings, buttons on shirts, dust out of corners, and the like.

Now health, whether to be *re*tained or *re*gained, depends much on little things, and these little things comes largely under feminine care or control. To ascertain the causes of woman's manifold physical disabilities, and the cure for the same, has been my constant thought, my steady work for the last twenty years. During this time I have studied bodies more than books, so what I have to say will savor little of the library—more of every-day life. Hence, the suggestions gathered during my long sojourn amid the sick sisterhood will be given you *not* in the style of scientific papers, but simply as motherly hints health-wise. So you will please "play" that you are being written to by a familiar friend, and accept the "I" and the "you" the same as if in my own autograph, instead of a printed sheet.

Those who reverence the body, and rejoice in its length and strength of days, have been glad to note that statistics show that the average length of human life is on the increase.

But there is one class who are still out of the reach of sanitary helps, and *the* very class, too, who seem to be most within reach of them—that is, the wives and daughters belonging to the best of families—yes, and to the "very first families," too.

The Cincinnati Times has recently compiled some curious statistics concerning American women between twenty and forty years of age. A table is given, founded upon the returns of burials of males and females between these ages in forty-five cemeteries situated in Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan, the places of burial having been selected with due regard to their representative character. The figures from this table are: males, 806; of females, 1,280—showing that, at least in the West, fifty per cent. more women than men die between the ages of twenty and forty. The Times makes still further deductions, as follows:

"1. That in the oldest yards of the country, in which the first settlers buried the dead, the number of the sexes who died between twenty and forty years of age, were the most nearly equal—in many cases the males outnumbering the females—while in the new yards, at the same places, the females greatly outnumber the males.

"2. That in private or select yards, where the upper classes bury exclusively, the number of female dead, during this period of life, is very greatly in excess of the males.

"3. That in yards where the foreigners chiefly bury their dead, the males usually exceed the females between those ages."

But not only do the "cities of the dead" in the West tell this tale of the frailty of women of this age, but those in Central New York, the very garden of the world, confirm the same sad story.

Two years ago several of us were looking about leisurely in Mount Hope Cemetery, and when we were in the best part of the grounds my husband called our attention to the fact that just about there we found more fine monuments to *young* wives and *only* daughters than to any other class. We then all reviewed that section of the cemetery with reference to this one point, and were surprised to find so large a proportion of these young women, ranging from 18 to 30 years.

The choice stones, so beautifully carved, told us the sleeper beneath had lived in a home of affection, intelligence and wealth.

Somebody says "there are sermons in stones and books in everything." Now, Rochester gravestones have given us a grave subject in more respects than one. As a city it may well be proud of its intelligence, and rejoice in its excellent health regulations. Then too, it gets many a fresh breeze from old Ontario, only six miles to the north, and is neither large nor closely compact. The farming country about is so rich and extensive that food for all classes must be more abundant, and of better quality, than in most cities, either large or small.

Then, why are its women, who are so "well to do" in every other respect, so poorly off in health, in life-force, that they die in the beauty of girlhood or in the bloom of early womanhood?

But we will leave marble monuments, with their facts and figures (which we own are sometimes false), and talk of the invalid band whom we have served for a score of years. During this time we have heard more of "General Debility" among our ladies than of General Grant even.

And the worst of it is that the women who suffer under "General Debility" are not likely to be allowed to leave his service, unless some new health regulations are instituted for them. It seems that increase of wealth has not brought increase of life or health for our women.

Indulgent husbands and fond fathers furnish washerwomen, cooks, nurses and seamstresses to meet those family wants which were once met by the mother of the house, aided by growing daughters, and still, with all this help, our women are worn out by family cares, and fade and fall early, despite summer renovation at the springs, the seaside or the mountains. One husband tells me that his wife is "too delicate" to keep house, and, as soon as she is recruited at the Water Cure, he thinks they had better board.

Another tells me that he thinks boarding does not agree with his wife, and when we get her once cured they will go to housekeeping. Now, I do not expect either of these women, whether they keep house or board, to *remain well when they get well*, unless we can permanently correct certain physical or mental habits—one or both—which had more to do with their chronic infirmities than their labor or their lack of it.

"Man is the architect of his own fortune," we say, and so is woman of her own health. We can slowly and surely build up or rapidly demolish. In this age, so rife with fashion and folly, she does more of the latter than the former.

Despite the flood of physiological light, she is out from under the reign of instinct and reason, and will seldom listen to science; hence, women are, in more ways than need be, the "weaker vessel." It is true, woman has her mental and physical peculiarities, which make her in some respects more sensitive, more impressible, more excitable than man; but in many cases these natural differences have been abnormally increased. Horace Greeley said of Thomas Carlyle, that he had "nursed his oddities until they had become deformities."

We see many ladies who seem to us to have done the same—that is, their peculiar impressibility of system, which *should* have been their grace, has become a grievance to all those most nearly allied to them. My worthy father, now in his 81st year, and still fresh and cheerly, says that women's constitutions have changed in his day. They used to be sick, but now they are only nervous; they used to get cross sometimes, but now they are only nervous; they used to get weak and tired, but now they are weary and nervous. Some years since Mrs. Childs told the story of an old lady who was sick, and had some peculiar symptoms which the attendants could not comprehend, and some one suggested they might be nervous. "Oh, no," said the old lady, "that can't be, because I was born before nerves was in fashion!" Most of the women I meet were born *since* that time; however, to this rule there are some happy exceptions.

Among the photographs of friends I find two faces rich and ripe; one taken at 50, the other at 60 years of age; one the mother of ten children, the other of thirteen; both of them real working women, housekeepers and mothers, not in name merely, but in deed, and still these two faces are less expressive of wear and worry than that of many a woman at 30 years of age. Faces like these strengthen our faith in the physical possibilities of womanhood, that the modern wife might be like the one in the first Eden—a help-meet, a suitable assistant. Then why is she so very often sickly, so sensitive, so sentimental that her husband don't know what to do with her, and so brings her to a Water Cure and says: "Now, if she were only well, we should be the happiest couple in the world. As it is, when I come home from the store or office, and want a cheerly, chatty time to rest me, I find my wife overworked and worried about the servants and housekeeping, and she feels grieved that I don't sympathize with her or relieve her, and I don't know how to do *either*, though I am ready to employ a doctor or hire girls when she desires."

To show what are "the little foxes which spoil the vines" about the social hearth is the object of these letters. More than this, we want to quicken the conscience of our country women on this health question. We want them to feel that a sin against the body is a sin in the sight of Heaven. An Indian once said that something about Jesus had gone into his ears, and he wanted to hear more, so that it would go down into his heart. Now, women can never be helped health-wise until it becomes a *heart* matter. Many of them *know* much better than they *do*.

Much good seed has the goddess Hygeia sown during the last twenty-five years among the common people, where it has been heard gladly. Why have our women been so little benefited? Have they been stony-ground hearers, or has there been no depth of earth, or have gay birds or rain ones prevented the seed from taking root and bearing healthful fruit?

God has given us the body as a garment for the spirit, in which to do our work in this world with the promise that, if we do it well, we shall have a new and more glorious one, when we go to one of the many mansions Jesus has promised to prepare for "the pure in heart."—*Herald of Health and Journal of Physical Culture.*

☞ The Luxemburg question may now be considered as finally settled, for the Emperor Napoleon and King William of Prussia have signed the treaty looking to that end.

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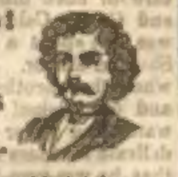

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Paying for His Provender by Praying.

We have no intention of making fun of serious matters in telling the following good story—we merely relate a fact:

There is a rule at Oberlin College that no student shall board at any house where prayers are not regularly made each day. A certain man fitted up a boarding-house and filled it with boarders, but forgot, until the eleventh hour, the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man himself, he looked around for one who was. At length he found one—a meek young man, from Trumbull county, who agreed to pay for his board in praying. For a while all went smoothly, but the boarding master furnished his table so poorly that the boarders began to grumble and leave, and the other morning the praying boarder actually "struck!" Something like the following dialogue occurred at the table:

Landlord—Will you pray, Mr. Mild?

Mild—No, sir, I will not.

Landlord—Why not, Mr. Mild?

Mild—It don't pay, sir. I can't pray on such victuals as these. And unless you mend yourself in writing to get a better table than you have for the last three weeks, nary another prayer do you get of me!

And that's the way the matter stood at the last advices.

POISONOUS THREAD.—A French journal of hygiene states that a number of seamstresses have suffered from violent colic, in consequence of putting into their mouths the silk they use in sewing. This disease is attributed to the practice of mixing the silk with a preparation of lead (the sulphate) so as to increase its weight. A chemical analysis of many different samples of sewing silk has been made by Mr. Jones, of the Chemical Laboratory, Leadenhall street, London, which resulted, in almost every case, in the detection of large quantities of acetate or sugar of lead. This admixture is even more dangerous than that of the sulphate, on account of the greater degree of solubility of the sugar of lead in the fluids of the stomach.

A HORSE'S PETITION.—Many a poor horse, were he gifted with the powers of the beast of Balaam, would loudly endorse the following:

"Going up hill whip me not; coming down hill hurry me not; on level road spare me not; loose in stable forget me not; of clean water stint me not; of sponge and water neglect me not; of soft, dry bed deprive me not; tired and hot, wash me not; if sick or cold, chill me not; with bit and rein, oh, jerk me not; and when you are angry strike me not."

☞ In the boat race between Kelly and Chambers for the English championship, the former won, having made his five miles in thirty-one minutes and fifteen seconds (31.15). In the race at Pittsburg last Tuesday, it will be remembered that Brown beat Hamill in forty-six minutes and thirty seconds (46.30). As in the English race the distance was also five miles. As it was agreed that the winner of the American should challenge the winner of the English race, it would be well for Brown to bear in mind that Kelly made the five miles fifteen minutes and fifteen seconds (15.15) quicker than he did.

☞ A PLEASANT REMEDY.—Two-thirds of the clergy in New York are just now suffering from a severe bronchial affection, for which the doctors say there is no remedy save in a voyage across the Atlantic, and a sojourn of a week or two at the Paris Exhibition.

☞ SLANDER.—Slanderous gossip impelled a young lady in Michigan to end her existence with strychnine, and to leave a letter with instructions to tell those who tried to injure her, that they might enjoy the privilege over her grave. A slanderer is often a murderer.

☞ That man's greatness is not appreciated who walks far in advance of his age; he dwarfs himself in the eyes of the people by the distance he is in advance of them.

"Take her all in all,
Miss Hannah Hall
Is not the worst upon this earthly ball,
But then she is so very big and tall,
That no one likes to take her all in all."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. Sales of 500 bbls at $9@10 ₩ bbl for superfine; $10.50@11.25 for extras; $12.50@16.25 for Northwestern extra family; $13@15 for Penna and Ohio do do; $16@16.50 for California, and $16.50@17 for fancy St. Louis. Sales of Rye Flour at $8.50@8.75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat; 2000 bus of common to good Penna red sold at from $3.27@3.30; prime do at from $3.27@3.30; small lots of Southern do at $3.25@3.30; Penna and Southern white at $3.50@3.60; California at $3.50. Rye—Sales of Western and Penna at from $1.70@1.73 ₩ bus. Corn—90@99 bus prime Penna and Southern yellow sold at from $1.20@1.22, and 18,000 bus of Western mixed at $1.15@1.17 ₩ bus. Oats—37,000 bus Penna sold at 32@33c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at from $23.50@24 ₩ bbl new Mess Pork; 15@17c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams; 14@14½c for pickled do; 12c for salt Shoulders; and 13½@13½c ₩ lb for Prime Lard in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef is selling at $17@20 for Western, and $22.50@23.50 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42. Butter—Small sales are making at 14@22c for roll, and 10@16c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 12@17c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 18c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market dull. 700 bales of middlings sold at 37@37½c for Uplands, and 38@38½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Quercitron—Sale 1st No 1 was at $42 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Prime Yellow is quoted at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL—We quote White Ash at $4.50@4.75, and Red Ash at $4.75@5.25 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime Western at 65@66c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern are recorded at 6@7c, and Western at 8@9c. Dried Peaches range at 11½@13c for halves; 16c for quarters and 25@30c for pared.

HOPS—Prime new sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ₩ lb.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing. We quote No 1 Anthracite at $41@44 ₩ ton; No 2 at $40, and No 3 hard at $38 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig is quoted at $42@43.

SEED—We quote prime Cloverseed at $8@8.50 ₩ 64 lbs. Timothy sells at $3.25@3.50, and Flaxseed at $2.10 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—City rendered sells at 11c, and country at 10½@10½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market continues dull; sales are making at 64@66c for double extra; 58@60c for extra; 47@50c for fine; 40@45c for medium; 45@47c for coarse; 50@55c for fair tub washed, 55@57c for good do, 46@50c for extra Western pulled, and 32@40c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 18@19 cts ₩ lb. 200 cows brought from $45 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—800 head were disposed of at from 6½@7½c ₩ lb. 3700 Hogs sold at from $10@11.10 ₩ 100 lbs.

A LITTLE OBTUSE.—A Wisconsin paper having ventured the not very brilliant witticism that "the purchase of Russian America has played the dickens with the weather in Wisconsin," another Wisconsin paper says: "Can any sane man for a moment suppose that the change of sovereignty of a country makes any difference in the climate of a country lying two thousand miles distant?" We should say not.

MIND, MATTER, MONEY, BEAUTY.—Webster's Quarto Dictionary, as now published, has cost more intellectual labor, more money in its "getting up," and contains more matter, and a larger number of beautiful engravings, than any single volume ever before published for popular use in this or any other country. Bell & Daldy, the new publishers of Bohn's libraries, are the London publishers of this magnificent volume.

☞ In the Massachusetts Legislature, an amendment to the state constitution, repealing the reading and writing qualifications for voters, has been reported adversely.

☞ Young man, never speak lightly or jestingly of the lady with whom you are intimate. The world looks upon you as her friend, as one who will defend her good name at all times, and never allow it to be spoken of disrespectfully; and if you connect her name with idle jests, it is the unkindest cut of all, and injures her more than the same remark could from another.

☞ A man in Vermont, who married again fifteen days after the death of his wife, had appended to his marriage notice in the local paper the suggestive saying: "Procrastination is the thief of time."

☞ Hayti has lately had another revolution, but Salnave, the present President, succeeded in suppressing it. Salnave, it is announced, is everywhere received as the ruler of the country, but the news writers significantly add that "the council of generals who elected him are each one of them aiming to start a revolution in his own interest."

☞ Of 35 safes opened in Portland since the great fire, only five are said to have their contents unhurt.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT APRIL 28th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

OMNIBUSES—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.00	M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	2.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	6.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.30	"
WESTERN ACCOM TRAIN	5.40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7.30	"
ERIE Mail	7.30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.00	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	11.30	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 127 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.00	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	8.50	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf Gen'l Supt., Altoona, Pa.

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
feb2-6m Philadelphia.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

$18.00 A DAY.—Agents wanted, male and female, to introduce a new article of household utility. ONLY FIVE DOLLARS CAPITAL REQUIRED. Particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO. my23-3m

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED, Picture Posters. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG, 297 Bowery, New York City. my18-4t

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$20.00 AGENTS WANTED.—$10 to $20.00.—Male and female, to introduce our NEW PATENT, STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. It is adapted for family use and Tailoring. It makes a stitch alike on both sides. Price only TWENTY DOLLARS. Extraordinary inducements to Agents. For full particulars, address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio my25-3m

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STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Every young lady and gentleman can hear of something to their advantage and have the model love letter and secrets of success sent free by addressing. T. F. WOOD,
jel-4t Box W, VERNON, New Jersey.

RARE CHANCE.—50 Ways to Accumulate Wealth for one dollar. 50 agents wanted. Address A. R. HAMMOND, M. D., No. 39, Lock Box, Ellsworth, Ohio.

$25 A DAY! Fifteen new articles for Agents. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. mar9-3m

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Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE POPULAR

CLOTHING HOUSE OF PHILADELPHIA,

ON THE CORNER OF

SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS,

Occupying the Block from Market to Minor St.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT

OF

REALLY FIRST CLASS

MEN AND BOYS'

CLOTHING

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Prices for SPRING *Surprisingly* LOW.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

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PALMER'S

PATENT. 10,000 IN USE.

1609 CHESTNUT ST.

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ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. 58 GREEN ST. BOSTON.

ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.

B. FRANK. PALMER, M.D. PRES'T. A. A. LIMB, C.E.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent *free* to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct10-1y

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SORGHUM.

THE AMERICAN SORGO MANUAL for 1867 contains full directions for cultivating Sorghum, manufacturing Syrup and Sugar, the latest improvements in Machinery, and other information of great importance to all Sorghum growers. Sent by mail for ten cents. Address BUFFALO AGRICULTURAL MACHINE WORKS, Buffalo, New York. jel-21

$200.00 PER MONTH, and you can stay at home all the time. Employment light, easy, and honorable for lady or gentleman. Send 20 cents and get a sample, and if you do not like it I will pay your money back. The article is insured to save $100 a year in any family. Address (box No. 11) C. V. ALLEN, Birmingham, Van Buren Co., Iowa. jel-2t

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WHISKERS!

A HEAVY BEARD is warranted in five weeks to those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. *According to directions.* Will not injure the most delicate skin. *Money refunded if it fails.* Sent closely sealed for 50 cents, by RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. jel-3m

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LOVE! LOVE!—How to win the undying love of the fair sex. Sent by mail for 5 cts. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois.

LOOK HERE!—MY GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent by mail for 50 cents a package, postage paid. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar St., New York. jel 3m

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500 AGENTS WANTED in a new business. R. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine. mar9-3m

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THE

GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

(Established, 1861)

Is endorsed by the leading newspapers, religious and secular, in this and other cities, viz.:

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, Orange Judd, Editor.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, New York City, Daniel Curry, D. D., Editor.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Reid, D. D., Editor.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D. D., Editor.

EVANGELIST, New York City, Dr. H. M. Field and J. O. Craighead, Editors.

EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE, New York City, Edward Bright, Editor.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, E. S. Porter, D. D., Editor.

INDEPENDENT, New York City, Wm. C. Bowen, Publisher.

TRIBUNE, New York City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guaranty of our manner of doing business; as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club lists in former editions of the leading papers of the country.

THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE GREATLY REDUCED.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: Up its arrival here it is *sold* by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 5,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lots, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Finally: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperage, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperage, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED (Green & Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best, $1 25 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 30 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo Chow Blacks and Moyune Green. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Coffee Roasted and Ground Daily.

GREEN COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.
No. 440 BROADWAY, corner Bleecker street.
No. 451 EIGHTH AVE., north corner 34th street.
No. 290 SPRING STREET.
No. 385 FULTON ST., Brooklyn, corner Concord st.
No. 199 GRAND STREET, Williamsburg.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "*collect on delivery.*"

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs, can have each party's name marked on their package and directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collection delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

CLUB ORDER.

Abington, Pa., Feb. 20, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

Gentlemen: The Tea I ordered from you came through safe, and I am pleased to inform you gave good satisfaction. And I now send you another order which I will be responsible for on delivery. Please send us good Teas, for the most of my club are good judges of Tea, and you will continue to get our money.

D. N. KENNEDY.

1 lb.	Imperial Green	N. Docker	at $1 25	$1 25
2	Young Hyson	S. Krisp	at 1 15	2 30
2	Young Hyson	A. Hunter	at 1 00	2 00
2	Young Hyson	C. Hyson	at 1 25	2 50
2	Young Hyson	G. Blank	at 1 10	2 20
2	Imperial Green	J. Walton	at 1 25	2 50
1	Imperial Green	C. C. Bulpe	at 1 00	1 00
1	Young Hyson	S. Pierce	at 1 00	1 00
2	Uncolored Japan	J. Stone	at 1 25	2 50
1	Gunpowder	A. Ames	at 1 50	1 50
1	Gunpowder	J. B. Kentar	at 1 00	1 00
1	Young Hyson	B. Knight	at 1 25	1 25

and 18 others, making $40 00.

N. B. All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to us.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are counterfeits. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name. The numbers of our House are advertised above.

TAKE NOTICE.—Clubs and quantity buyers are only furnished from our Wholesale and Club Department.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.

NEW YORK.

Post office Box, 5643 New York City. ap27-tf

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

Fan Wigs, Inches.		*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*	
No. 1	—The round of the head.	No. 1	—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2	—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2	—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3	—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3	—Over the crown of the head.
" 4	—From ear to ear round the forehead.		

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

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Old Eyes

MADE NEW, easily, without doctor or medicines, sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents. Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y.

COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent, post-paid on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y. feb9-cowlit

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WORKS OF NATURE.

In a state of health the intestinal canal may be compared to a river whose waters flow over the adjoining land, through the channels nature or art has made, and improve their qualities; so long as it runs on smoothly the channels are kept pure and healthy; if the course of the river is stopped, then the water in the canals is no longer pure, but soon becomes stagnant. There is but one law of circulation in nature. When there is a superabundance of humorial fluid in the intestinal tubes, and costiveness takes place, it flows back into the blood vessels, and infiltrates itself into the circulation. To establish the free course of the river, we must remove the obstructions which stop its free course, and those of its tributary streams. With the body, follow the same natural principal—remove the obstructions from the bowels with BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which never injure, but are always effectual for the perfect cleansing of the system from foulness or disease. Remember, never suffer a drop of blood to be taken from you. Evacuate the humors as often and as long as they are deranged, or as long as you are sick.

See that B. BRANDRETH is in white letters on the Government stamp.

Sold by all Druggists. jel-cow2t

THE PUZZLE OF THE AGE!

The sharpest observers give it up. People who are proverbial for their critical perceptions, are utterly at fault.

No Living Eye

can detect any difference between the richest blacks and browns that Nature has bestowed upon the hair, and the superb artificial tints conferred upon grey, red or sandy hair, by the incomparable vegetable agent,

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

With its color it imparts lustre, and does not diminish the flexibility of the fibres.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Applied by all Hair Dressers. jel-cow3t

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH sent for $1. Union Agency, Norwich, Conn. jel-4t

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THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, single copies free of charge, may be had of the author.

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y.
Book Agents wanted. my30-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man.

By Mark Twain.

The facts in the following case came to me by letter from a young lady, who lives in the beautiful city of San Jose. She is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself "Aurelia Maria," which may possibly be a fictitious name. But no matter, the poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she doesn't know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems hopelessly involved. In this dilemma she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story. She says that when she was sixteen years old she met and loved with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckenridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives, and for a time it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned; young Caruthers became infected with small-pox of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness, his face was pitted like a waffle-mould, and his comeliness gone forever. The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckenridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward, and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last forever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way of stopping its dreadful career, and in her tearful despair she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still, her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer. Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it. Caruthers fell ill with erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could be reasonably expected of her, now came forward, and insisted that the match should be broken off; but, after wavering awhile, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckenridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth, that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day, but once more she frowned down her relatives, and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials, another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was William Breckenridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home, with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair forever, and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckenridge, she writes, with true womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are opposed to the match, because he has no property and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. "Now, what should she do?" she asks, with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question; it is one which involves the life-long happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye and a wig, and give him another show. Give him ninety days without grace, and if he doesn't break his neck in the meantime, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me there is much risk, any way, Aurelia, because if he sticks to his infernal propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs and such other valuables as he may possess revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss, save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part o' Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broke that first; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try and not feel exasperated at him.

☞ Under the head of "Potter county Witherell," a Venango county paper tells that not long since a lawyer friend had occasion to arbitrate a cause, on the east fork of the Sinnemahoning, in Potter county. The tough swearing of the witnesses on the other side prevailed against him, and he lost his suit. He was condoled with by a native, who said to him: "Why didn't you let me know you was comin'? Knox," (the other lawyer,) "he come on here a week ago, and had his pick of witnesses."

☞ Motto for indulgent parents—A switch in time saves nine.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH VERSUS INTELLECT.

Tom (who has been "shut up" by the Crichton-like accomplishments of his Cousin Augustus)—"I tan't sing, and I tan't 'peak Frenes—but I tan punch your 'ead!"

Popping the Question.

The Chimney Corner has the following on "characteristic popping:"

Yankee: Jonathan—"Sal, dar you love doughnuts?"

Sal—"Yes, Jonathan, why?"

"Jonathan—"Oh, nothin'; only jus consider me one o' them doughnuts."

Western: Loquacious Individual—"Hollo, old gal—see here! I've scatteriofistreated all over the equanimity of this 'ere country, looking for just such a critter as you. What say, will yer hitch?"

Western gal—"Oh, shucks, I calkerlate; so let's git up and git."

Dutch: Hans—"Ich will haben you, Johannas. I loves you more better than I does mein lager beer."

Johannas—"Oh, ya, Hans, dat ist good."

French: French Gallant—"Oh, Mademoiselle, you will do me so very much honor to accept as hand?"

Mademoiselle—"Oh, Monsieur, you make my face very much rouge. Ask madam. Vouluvous?"

Jew: Hamman—"Matilda, I have five gold watches, almost as good as new, von good lot of second-hand clothing, and von good camel hair shawl, which I will give to you if you will be mine bride?"

Matilda—"Dear Hamman, I can't resist; but let me see the camel hair shawl first."

Irish: Patrick—"Biddy, darling, would yez like a new house, a cow, a pig, and meself in the bargain?"

Bridget—"Och, Paddy, don't be taxing me! 'Tis the praste we're after wanting."

☞ It was an apt answer for a young lady, who, being asked where was her native place, replied, "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

☞ A man in this city has got so deep in to debt that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Agricultural Observation.

There is no other avocation in which men engage, that affords so many hints of itself by which one may by observation alone acquire practical knowledge, as do agricultural pursuits. In mechanics there are no natural suggestions from the material to be wrought. In mercantile pursuits, tact, a business education, and a general knowledge of the laws of trade is an arbitrary requirement. In the arts, unless genius leads, all attempts at excellence are failures. To be a successful farmer one need not be a brilliant genius, a learned pundit, or a critical financier. It is only necessary that he should be possessed of mediocre perceptive faculties, a fair share of sound, practical common sense, and be something of a natural philosopher. With these, and so much industry and application as are requisites of success in any other calling, a farmer cannot fail to make agriculture, or any of its incidental branches, a profitable investment of time and money.

In all rural affairs, Nature herself is a constant guide—ever at one's elbow offering valuable hints and suggestions; showing to the farmer with an unerring hand his own mistakes or hers, and promptly points to a better practice. An inexperienced farmer plants too early or late, seeds too thickly or sparingly, covers his potatoes or corn too deep or shallow, cultivates too little, and cuts his grain or grass out of season, and while his errors have not produced fatal failures, results tell him in what manner he can do better. By observation he learns the better practice and success of his more experienced neighbor, and copying one secures the other. Observation shows him the errors and mistakes of others, and common sense teaches him to avoid them. In short constant and close observation is a quality as necessary to agricultural success, as are propitious seasons and the proprietorship of land.

Economy in Cropping.

Many and continual are the mistakes made by farmers, graziers, and gardeners everywhere in the matter of cropping land. Very few make the most they might in crops from a given area, and those who do, almost invariably do so to their own damage and that of the soil as well.

On the rich, rolling prairies of the West, the farmer plants corn, or puts in wheat consecutively for ten, twelve, or fifteen years, with gradually diminishing returns, wondering the while at lessening dividends, and finally fairly dumbfounded that his soil, so black and rich looking, with favorable seasons and undiminished care and culture, should yield but nine or ten bushels of wheat or twenty of corn per acre. He has forgotten the fact that continual tread-mill exercise is a killing pastime—that even the best kept horse may be worked to death. That dark, rich-looking prairie soil is not exhausted of its elements of fertility. It is still rich in most of the constituents of plant-life and growth. But it has been overworked. It requires rest, and exercise of another kind. Give it two or three seasons to grass, then one to potatoes, and follow with turnips, mangolds, or sugar-beets. They are all profitable, and the soil that gives grudgingly but a minimum crop of corn or wheat, will afford a maximum one of these, while at the same time it is regaining its capacity to yield again satisfactorily of its earliest crops.

Meadows are mown and pastures grazed year after year, without regenerating, until pasturage becomes like the fur of a field mouse, and spears of grass like church spires in Kaffer Land—weak and wide asunder. Rotation in crops, or on grazing farms where grain growing is not desirable, scarifying the surface, loosening the ligatures of matted roots, running the "mole" subsoiler underneath, aerating, and disintegrating, then dressing the surface with lime, plaster, ashes, marl or the approved phosphates, renovates and reinvigorates these sluggish, sleepy old fields, bringing them up again at little cost, to the best condition of fertility.

More mistakes are made in "truck" farming, small fruit culture, and vegetable gardening. In producing fruits of all the smaller classes, and vegetables for market, one crop per season, though it may pay fairly, is not the best economy that can be pursued. Matters may be so arranged that in the majority of instances one application of manure will make two crops in one season, the profits of the first one paying all expenses with a balance in favor of the producer, while the proceeds of the second crop will be all clear gain.

How to Begin Truck Farming.

Thousands are betaking themselves to the various new fruit fields and garden lands of South and West Jersey, intending by truck farming and fruit growing, to secure larger returns for capital and labor invested, grow rich faster, and with infinitely less of slavish labor than by grain, and general farming.

All correct so far; for unquestionably South and West Jersey offers a wide field for such enterprise, equal, if not superior, all advantages considered, to any other portion of the United States. All the small and large fruits, and nearly all root crops and garden vegetables can be produced in profusion and perfection, and at less cost of preparation and culture than in any other region of which we have any knowledge. But those who are about to begin, having but a limited capital, make a mistake when they purchase what is *called* improved land, to begin upon, and almost as great a one in clearing up unimproved land and putting it at once into grapes, berries, pears, or peaches. None of these begin to make paying returns before the third year, and the new settler having exhausted his small means in the purchase of land, stock of vines and trees, and the erection of a modest home, is very likely to find himself and family in a disagreeably tight place long before his purchase begins to pay dividends.

The average cost of what the proprietors are pleased to class as "improved land"—that which has been maliciously manslaughtered so long that it will not produce oats as high as a hen, is about $100 per acre, and at least $40 more per acre will be needed in manure, and two years of thorough culture, before it can be brought up to a condition of fertility, equal to new land in the same neighborhood, which may be purchased at from $25 to $30 per acre, and all cleared up ready for planting for $30 more; making the aggregate cost $60, or $40 per acre less than that of the old barren cleared fields. Then the new land in most instances is sufficiently fertile to afford two good vegetable crops without any considerable outlay. Very well. Good vegetables, and especially extra early ones, are always in demand at rates largely remunerative to the producer.

Now suppose the new settler's capital is but $1,000. To purchase five acres of improved land paying one-fourth down, will require $125; a low-priced new settler's house, $500 at the very least. Then $200 will be required for fertilizers for grapes, fruits, and berries. The remaining $150 will not half stock the five acres with vines, plants, and trees; and what is to be done about the fencing and subsistence of himself and family, and the payments to be made before any of his fruit begins to pay?

But suppose with the same capital he secures five acres of unimproved land, builds his small house at a cost of $500, makes the first payment of say $40, and clears up and fences two acres at a cost of $90 to $100—expending in all, say $650. He is left with $350 working capital, and instead of putting in at first, berries, vines, and fruit trees, he plants and raises early vegetables, as potatoes, peas, corn, lettuce, beets, cucumbers, &c. All these being brought forward early will command ready sale and high prices—so that within three months from planting, he is receiving a handsome income. These early crops may be made to pay $300 per acre above all expenses of seeds, culture, marketing, and living. Following the first crops with best sorts of cabbages, planted out in July, eight thousand marketable heads to the acre may be made—sixteen thousand from the two acres—which at the minimum rate of four dollars per hundred, will foot up $640. Add the value of loose leaves and unmarketable heads, worth every cent of $50 for feeding milk cows, and then deduct $200 for seed, culture, and preparing for market, and the balance in favor of cabbages is $490. This, added to the $600 netted from the first crop, makes a total of $1,090 made the first season from the two acres, besides enough of vegetables saved for home consumption till another year's crop comes in.

Thus the settler is provided with a capital larger than he began with, besides having his house, and two acres of ground cleared and fenced. Now he may pay the balance due on his purchase, clear off during the winter two acres more for a new truck patch, and put the first two acres into berries, grapes, pears, and peaches as fast as he pleases. The land will be in better condition for all these than it was the first season, and master of the situation, he is infinitely better prepared to wait for fruit payments than he would have been had he planted his two acres with them the first season. Our estimates are all based upon practical experience, and our advice to all persons of limited means who contemplate growing grapes, berries, pears, and peaches in these New Jersey fruit regions, is to begin with garden truck.

Gathered Grains.

——In spite of all the aid that the North is so freely offering, it is feared that thousands of men, women and children must inevitably perish with famine in the South.

——Wheat, throughout the entire Shenandoah Valley, is looking better than it has ever done at this season within the memory of man.

——Not three cut-worms this year in the soil so far as we have travelled, examined and heard from, where there were three hundred last year.

——Grapevines of all varieties are set fuller with blossoms than we have ever seen vines anywhere.

——In a recent ride of twenty miles through West Jersey, we saw nine fields of wheat ploughed under—five more that ought to be. Cause, winter kill. First cause, *too wet*. Wake up, Jersey farmers—under drain. Wheat is not rice—you can't raise it in swamps.

——So large a proportion of all the apple trees in the country have not been in bloom before these thirty years. So say the oldest orchardists.

——There are more flies and fewer swallows flying than were ever known at this season. Signs of coming cholera—several people say.

RECEIPTS.

Rhubarb Pudding (Delicious)—Line your pudding dish with slices of bread and butter, cover with cut-up rhubarb, strewed with sugar, then slices of bread and butter, and so on alternately until your dish is full, having the rhubarb and sugar on top. Pour in half a teacup of water, cover with a plate, and bake half an hour. Eat it warm, not hot.

Rhubarb for the Tea-Table.—Like fresh apple sauce. Everybody knows that rhubarb pie is good; few know what a delightful sauce it makes. Cut it up into a nice white or yellow earthen dish, strew with sugar, cover with a plate and bake in a brisk oven till soft—not till it loses its fresh green color. Over-cooking impairs its delicacy. Never *stew* rhubarb—it is best baked.

Compote of Rhubarb in Moulds.—Cut it in pieces, and set it on the fire with sugar enough to sweeten it, and a little water. Moisten two tablespoonfuls of corn flour with a little water in a basin. When the rhubarb is almost done add the corn flour, cook for a minute or so, and pour into a shape. It makes a pretty shape, the green rhubarb giving it a good color, and eats well cold with cream. It may be poured into a crystal and served with whipped cream over it.

Green Pea Soup.—Take some young carrots, turnips, onions, celery and cabbage lettuces; cut them in slices, and put them into a stew-pan, with a little butter and some lean ham cut in pieces. Cover them closely, and let them stew for a short time. Fill up with stock sufficient for the soup required, and let it boil until the vegetables are quite soft, adding a few leaves of mint and the crust of a roll; pound all, and having boiled a quart of peas as green as you can, strain them off and pound them also; mix them with the rest of the ingredients and pass through a sieve. Heat it, and season with salt, pepper and sugar; add a few young boiled peas, and use the spinach to restore it.

Pancake with Fruit.—Take four eggs, a cup of cream, or rich milk, and flour enough to make rather a thin batter; add a little fine sugar and nutmeg. Butter the griddle; turn the batter on; let it spread as large a common pudding-plate; when done on one side, turn it with a pancake-slice; have ready some nice preserve, spread it over, roll the cake up; put on to a flat dish; sift on a little fine sugar. Serve hot.

To Keep a Sealskin Jacket.—Hang up your sealskin jacket in a brown holland bag, with plenty of pepper, if you wish, to keep it from moths. The neck of the bag must be tightly fastened.

Ironmould Stains.—I have found the following a successful means of removing ironmoulds; the directions are from an old family recipe-book: Wet the linen and place it over a hot water plate (which should be kept at boiling heat throughout the process) and put a small quantity of essential salts of lemon on the stain. Should the linen become dry, moisten it and renew the application. The linen should be dipped in a good deal of water, and well washed as soon as the stain is removed, as much of the powder sold under the name of salts of lemon is a spurious preparation, and might injure the fabric.—F. X. Z.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 64 letters.

My 20, 13, 45, 16, 42, 52, 47, is a flower.
My 27, 2, 50, 16, 10, 40, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 30, 59, 44, 15, 62, 63, is a river in Europe.
My 15, 27, 21, 36, 51, is a city of Italy.
My 12, 5, 34, 28, is a book in the New Testament.
My 23, 54, 42, 32, 53, 20, is a mountain in South America.
My 9, 1, 31, 25, 57, is a lake in South America.
My 46, 42, 64, 15, 54, 38, 43, 20, is one of the United States.
My 15, 59, 7, 3, 4, 28, is a country in Europe.
My 30, 45, 48, 41, 55, 35, 39, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 6, 62, 36, 58, 62, 61, is a country in Asia.
My 27, 43, 44, 9, 60, 26, was President of the United States.
My 37, 10, 43, 51, 19, was one of Napoleon's marshals.
My 24, 5, 64, 36, 21, is a lake in North America.
My 55, 33, 9, 32, 4, 7, was a celebrated Roman poet.
My 29, 64, 20, 15, 60, was a celebrated French astronomer.
My 2, 7, 16, 48, 26, 62, 60, 31, was a Greek historian.
My 8, 11, 22, 39, 53, 41, 56, 44, is a city in China.
My 25, 38, 58, 32, 57, 63, is a river in the United States.
My 50, 43, 18, 61, 47, 29, 63, 49, is a city in Mexico.
My 16, 51, 20, 28, 21, 15, 30, is where one of Napoleon's battles was fought.
My 33, 55, 39, 48, 51, 35, 24, was King of Egypt.
My whole is a passage of Scripture.

GEORGE AND LIZZIE,
Leesburg, Va. Subscribers to the Post.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 6, 10, 4, 11, 2, 9, is a city in Austria.
My 18, 7, 30, 22, 18, 19, is a country of Europe.
My 13, 19, 8, 11, 4, 19, is an island in Oceanica.
My 2, 19, 21, 19, 11, 15, 19, is a city in Canada.
My 13, 6, 21, 13, 4, 7, 9, is a country of Africa.
My 18, 19, 17, 19, 22, 16, a city of Bolivia.
My 13, 7, 14, 22, 9, a city of Turkey in Asia.
My 2, 8, 10, 4, 22, 15, 6, a city of Austria.
My 12, 9, 5, 9, 11, 17, 19, 3, 10, 19, a city of Texas.
My 19, 21, 14, 13, 9, is one of the Lesser Antilles.
My whole is an old saying. EMMA.

Anagram.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Og egas tiwh taperru ta eih rates, hatl ni het keais rae wiggion.
Og ene hte segm fo lreteep edy tath ni teh dowse oar nowging.
Dan rome hant geas mroetanros nad omer htna nadreal stilfor.
Og drea eht loisgrou lilesmho fo matfrenmir nda roafet. H. J. S.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of five letters, and am the name of a fish; by curtailing and transposing I represent the following things:—

An interjection, great fear, a large room, a work of brick or stone, ground enclosed, a drink, a statute, hearty, a pit of water, part of a wagon, part of the foot, a berry, to cut, the whole, and an exclamation. Will some good fisherman tell what I am?

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A church spire is to be built in the form of a hexagonal pyramid, each side of the base being 10 feet, and the altitude 80 feet. Within the spire is to be a hollow cone 15 feet in diameter at the base, and so running up as to leave the walls of the spire as thick at the top of the cone as at the bottom. How many cubic feet will the spire contain?

EDWIN SEARSON.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sides of a trapezium are 8, 9, 10, and 11 rods respectively. Required—the maximum ellipse inscribed in the above trapezium.

J. M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a loafer like a weathercock? Ans.—Because he is constantly going round doing nothing.

☞ What part of a book is most like a fish? Ans.—The finis.

☞ Why was Job so thoroughly boiled? Ans.—Because his wife kept him in hot water.

☞ Why is a shirt front like a bridge? Ans.—Because it looks best-arched.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"What animal walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?" DOUBLE REBUS—Edward Everett and Daniel Webster—(Emerald—drams—warn—Anticosti—rude—doll—Eutaw—Venice—ebb—rebus—eat—Toulouse—tear.)

☞ A pretty woman, like a great truth or great happiness, has no more right to bundle herself under a green veil, or any other abomination of a like character, than the sun has to put on green spectacles.

☞ Twenty-five years is the legal age for voters in Italy.